

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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No. 465.

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ireland; its Evils and their Remedies; being a Refutation of the Errors of the Emigration Committee, and others touching that Country. To which is prefixed, a Synopsis of an original Treatise, about to be Published on the Law of Population, developing the real Principles on which it is universally Regulated. By MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER. 8vo. pp. 472. London, 1828. Murray.

MR. SADLER has here produced a volume, which argues him to be an intelligent, an indefatigable, and a liberal-minded man, one who unites good intentions and generous feelings, with new and striking and enlarged views of several important questions, the decision of which involves nearly the whole of our domestic policy. He is a strong and scornful enemy of Malthus and the Political Economists, among whom this and his two forthcoming works, (*On the Law of Population, and a Defence of the Poor Laws,*) will scatter strange confusion and alarm. He is not an opponent to be lightly treated by even these giants of our day,—for with an honest cause, he has equal intellectual strength; with purer and more humane aspirations, he has as much ingenuity of hypothesis and skill of argument. Affection for his kind, and a sincere desire to ameliorate the evils of their condition, together with the natural attendant of such affections and desires, bitter and uncompromising hostility to all kinds of oppressors, whether petty or princely, these are the characteristics of Mr. Sadler's writings, and these will recommend them to all who speculate on the means of 'spreading the greatest possible degree of happiness amongst the utmost possible number.' We are not pretending to guarantee the correctness of Mr. Sadler's opinions, though we think he proves at least the greater portion of them to be based in fact and reason; but we are anxious to show our appreciation of sincerity, good feeling, and ability, when they enter an arena, in which we have been accustomed to see only empty pretensions, gross selfishness, and unblushing falsehood. Mr. Sadler comes forward as the advocate of the many against the few, and in this character his motives entitle him to respect and gratitude, even (which we do not at all anticipate) should his arguments turn out to be weak, and his suggestions worthless or impracticable. But this is a matter for subsequent discussion, preparatory to which we again repeat, that the style and manner of this volume are distinguished by characteristics arising evidently from a deep sense of duty,—earnestness, simplicity; a precision, scrupulous and undeviating, and of the utmost importance in speculations of this nature; and, crowning all, a religious solemnity, which sheds over the entire work a pious, patriarchal, and almost prophetic beauty.

In the Synopsis of his Treatise on the Law

of Population, Mr. Sadler maintains that the fecundity of human beings is, *ceteris paribus*, in the inverse ratio of the condensation of their numbers; and that the variation in that fecundity is effectuated, not by the wretchedness and misery, but by the happiness and prosperity of the species. In support of this principle, its propounder adduces many arguments and calculations, an examination of which we must defer till the subject comes before us in its enlarged shape; but it is simply an act of justice to advert to the statement with which Mr. Sadler concludes his introductory observations. He says, 'I was not without sufficient reason for believing that the system was about being presented to the public surreptitiously; and, I confess, having had, as far as I know, no precursor in the view here taken of the true principle of population, and no assistance in the long and laborious research which its demonstration involves, I felt not unwilling to endure whatever odium or otherwise might attend the enunciation and proof of a regulated ratio of prolificness, as governing the multiplication of mankind, and constituting the principle of human increase a law of unerring and perpetual benevolence.' Among the instances which our author adduces in proof of what he calls 'the arithmetic of Nature,' are the following, which we consider too curious and novel to be unacceptable to our readers: after observing that Nature seems purposely to conceal her laws when contemplated in individual cases, however certain and exact their results on the general average of her operations, he says—

'Nothing can be less certain than the proportion of the sexes in the offspring of different marriages individually contemplated, but nothing more uniform than the results, though made up of such a multitude of discordant proportions. The reason of this law is obvious, and strictly appertaining to the subject: the institution of marriage is the only certain way of multiplying, or even continuing the species, and hence their numbers are proportioned in a manner which has exercised the powers of the ablest mathematicians in this and preceding ages. But still there is an observable difference in the proportions of the sexes in different countries, and this difference again conforms to a law of nature hitherto, as I believe, unobserved, and one of a singularly exact and curious nature. Calculating from the nubile period in both sexes; in the offspring of those marriages contracted at a corresponding period of life, the sexes will be about equal, but if otherwise, the number of that parent's sex shall prevail who has longest postponed that union, and prevail just to that degree, so as to make up for the diminution which, agreeably to the law of mortality, will take place in that interval: that is, where the age of the man exceeds, the number of his male children shall exceed; where, in the rarer instances, the female shall be the oldest, the children of her sex shall, in like manner, be more numerous; this, it will be shown, as calculated on the entire number

of instances, taken from the peerage; as well as by other proofs, is the certain and exact result. This law of nature, again is no whimsical or unnecessary regulation, but one which guarantees that institution, by which, as already noticed, she alone contemplates to continue the species: otherwise the habitual postponement of marriage by one sex would (as Mr. Malthus has somewhat too hastily pronounced, when referring to a passage in Aristotle) consign a certain proportion of the other to necessary celibacy. Other proofs of these exact regulations in the laws of nature are instanced, but will not now be brought forwards; one only shall be added to the foregoing, in proof that she is not more exact in calculating than intent upon executing them.

'Lord Bacon, I think, some where observes, that in those tribes of the animal creation, amongst which the measure of reproduction is, in some sort, voluntary, there is a kind of natural arithmetic which is observed, rendering it almost impossible to frustrate the designs of nature, however often you attempt it. What nature, in this instance, by a mysterious instinct, dictates to the birds, she accomplishes in regard to human beings, by laws which are placed beyond their voluntary control. It is a received principle amongst the most eminent physiologists, that the measure of female prolificness is, in all cases, determinate, (at least, such was the opinion of the greatest of them, Hunter,) and further, that the earliest period of adolescence is not the most favourable for its complete evolution; on the contrary, premature marriages were decreed by the ancient advocates of population, as having a contrary tendency, by endangering both the life of the mother and the offspring. But on a point so essential to the system of the day, and made, indeed, the foundation of most of its suggestions, much attention has been bestowed, and being one of those matters which may be decided by arithmetic, and when, therefore, the attempt to do so by mere reasonings becomes ridiculous, this question, likewise, is submitted to numerical demonstration. And from the collected registers of the peerage already referred to, and by a different appeal, involving a far greater number of facts, promiscuously recorded, for a different purpose, and as little liable to the suspicion of incorrectness as the former, it is found, that early marriages are not conducive to a larger increase of population than those contracted at riper years, but to the contrary. The annual prolificness is, in the former case, less, and the proportion of mortality in the offspring is greater—the opinion of antiquity on this subject being thus fully confirmed. One thing disclosed in this examination is very striking: the regularity of the laws of nature on this point also. Commencing with the earliest ages, and proceeding to the latest ones, at which marriage usually takes place; (confining the observations, of course, to the period of natural prolificness;) the later the age to which marriages have been postponed, the more rapidly is the principle of prolificness evolved, the annual fecundity regularly augmenting till it rises to its utmost height, the mortality of the offspring diminishing in an inverse ratio; so anxiously bent does

Nature appear to accomplish those purposes which every petty intruder pronounces to be prejudicial, and feels himself meritoriously engaged while impeding and frustrating to the utmost of his power.'

In Mr. Sadler's consideration of Ireland, its evils and their remedies, it is natural that he should rank *absenteeism* among the most oppressive of the former: he considers it the prime curse of the country, compared with which every other momentary topic of declamation has sunk into insignificance,—'one, indeed, which the modern school of political theorists stoutly denies as an evil, and consequently labours to prevent the application of that remedy, without which Ireland will always be pushed to the utmost verge of destitution, and consequently of endurance.' In exposing the dreadful consequences for which absenteeism is answerable, Mr. Sadler quotes Sir William Petty, Dobbs, Gee, and Dean Swift, the last of whom says, that 'it required those great remittances which perpetually drained the country—that it drove half the farmers and labourers into beggary and banishment—in a word, that it was the one great evil of Ireland—'*Nostra miseria magna es.*'—

'That this state of things,' says Mr. Sadler, 'has continued to the present day, and I fear increased, admits of little doubt. The effect of absenteeism is every where obvious to the eye. "So numerous are abandoned edifices in Ireland," says a recent intelligent writer on that country, "that they keep alive a train of melancholy ideas in the mind of the traveller. They who reared these piles, and filled these rooms with mirth, who gave plenty and employment to the poor, are now in their tombs, and their living successors, dead to patriotism, dwell in other lands, and leave the home of their ancestors a wilderness.—Every one must wish such absentees could be made to reside in the country,—to enrich it with their fortunes, ornament it with their taste, improve the morals of the people by their example, refine them by their politeness, and protect them by their authority; then might we hope to see the laws respected, the rich beloved, and Ireland tranquil and happy." But the scientific agriculturist is still more struck with the misery occasioned by this grand evil, than the sentimental traveller. Young is copious on this subject, and Curwen faithfully describes, from ocular proof, the "ruin" it inflicts; and as to misery—speaking of an estate belonging to some absentee, he says, "the waters of oblivion can never wash out the stains which the scenes of woe, witnessed this day, have impressed upon my mind."

'I shall not proceed with these quotations; but appeal to the many attempts that have been made both of a public and private kind, as well as the statutes that have been from time to time passed to repress this great evil, of the existence of which they form a mass of public evidence. Much, however, as has been attempted, nothing has been effectually and permanently done, and the evil has even gone on increasing, more especially since the rebellion, and the legislative union of the two kingdoms, till the amount of property thus annually abstracted is calculated at some millions, forming a very onerous tax upon the entire rental and income of the country. Had England, even, been doomed to bear such a burthen, she would never have arisen to her present towering height; were it now imposed upon her in an equal degree, it would ultimately reduce her to the condition in which Ireland is, and in which she must remain till the load is finally lightened or removed.

'The low and degrading poverty to which Ireland is thus reduced, though in itself a great evil, is, nevertheless, one of the very least which absenteeism inflicts. And first, as to those which are caused by the total abandonment of the most important duties. Few, I think, who are the advocates of the social system, and especially amongst those who are placed at its summit, but must be eager to acknowledge, that the duties it imposes are reciprocal, and that their due discharge becomes the more important, the more elevated and commanding the station occupied. What, then, I would ask, must be the certain consequence, when those whom civil institutions have placed in the highest rank, and invested with the most extensive influence, totally abandon their proper sphere, and desert their numerous and degraded dependents? As to wealth being accumulated or diffused under such circumstances, the very idea is preposterous. There are none to give employment to those who, in an advanced state of society, are liberated from the lowest drudgeries of life; none to excite genius, or reward merit; none to confer dignity and elegance on society; to lead in the march of civilization; to diffuse knowledge or dispense charity. That state of society which has a tendency to separate itself into two classes only, the rich and the poor, has, from the time of Bacon downwards, been reprobated by all whose opinions are deserving of regard; but that in which poverty constitutes the sole class, is still more pernicious and unnatural. And thus it is wherever absenteeism universally prevails; there wealth shuns the labour by which it is fed, and the industry by which it is distinguished; rigorously exacting all its dues, fancied or real, and returning none to those to whom they are as truly, though not as legally owing; carrying off the products of the vintage of nature, even to the very gleanings, to a far country, and leaving the refuse to those who cultivate the soil and express the juice; muzzling the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn, which is fed with the husks, and goaded to desperation.

'But this abandonment, simply, is not all with which absenteeism stands charged. It substitutes, for neglected duties, positive wrongs of the deadliest character. Absent in the body, it is indeed ever present in the spirit of cruelty and oppression. Its very existence implies a train of evils, which have been for centuries past the most cruel scourges of the country: I mean the underletting system. Amongst these middlemen, as they are called, there may be, and no doubt are, men of high honour and humanity; but such exceptions render the cruelty and extortion of the entire class the more conspicuous. The sacred bond which ought to unite the superior and the inferior, the landlord and the tenant, is broken: mere mercenary connections are all that remain, a thousand of which may be dissolved at once without costing a single thought. This is a system of which the middlemen, nay, very often many subordinate ranks of these carnivora, are the ministers, whose sole possible motive is present gain, and whose conduct corresponds with it. The experimental labours of this class are highly beneficial to the whole body of landed proprietors; they can calculate to a nicety how much and how long a little cultivator can endure; and know the precise period when it is best to "drive him." They thus not only act for the absentee, but are a sort of pioneers for the rest of the landlords, and by constantly exercising their instruments of devastation, have certainly cleared the way for those enormously high rents, which, to the great discredit of too many of the proprietors, are extorted from the suffering peasantry of Ireland. Here, too, is the principal cause of

those minute and temporary lettings, so injurious to the soil, and for which such incredibly large sums are exacted; and which contribute to keep so great a number of the peasantry in constant poverty and fluctuation. To the same source is to be attributed, I am persuaded, those exactions, cruelties, and "drivings," to which that unhappy race are constantly subjected. The infection of cruel selfishness is to be traced to absenteeism; and once introduced, such, alas! is our nature, wherever interest is concerned, we are predisposed to take the contagion, which thus spreads like a leprosy through a whole country, and fills it with suffering and sorrow and destitution.

'That the extreme poverty thus introduced, with its unhappy associate, idleness, are invariably connected with ignorance, and too often with crime, needs little proof. I would have added to these melancholy consequences, those commotions which have so frequently agitated the country, with the guilt of which, at least negatively, absenteeism stands chargeable; only that I shall probably again touch upon this point hereafter.

'But, to pass over many of the minor evils of absenteeism unnoticed, let us, lastly, show its character in a still more awful point of view—namely, its heartless conduct in times of general sickness and distress, which are but too common in Ireland, and, in no slight degree, attributable to this, its unnatural desertion. Such was doubtless the case in the late dreadful fever in Ireland. Its historians record, amongst other circumstances which occasioned it, "the high price of land, artificially created by land-jobbers," (the middle people previously alluded to, the accomplices of absenteeism,) "and the vast income drawn from the country by absentees, the deadliest foes of Ireland. These are causes, amongst many others, which have reduced countless numbers to want, and converted a considerable part of our population into mendicants." Another medical report in the same work says, "The great proprietors of extensive estates in the neighbourhood and in every part of the country are absentees, with the exception of one or two. They draw out of this remote and impoverished country" (round Tralee) "about £160,000 a-year, at a rough calculation; of which not one shilling is spent in it; *hinc ille lachrymæ.*" Surely this physician can never have read Professor Macculloch! But the subject, alas! is too serious to blend up with a laugh at political economy. These desertions necessarily caused that want of employment, that poverty, and that despondency and dejection of mind, which are declared to have been the predisposing causes of the infection; the last of which rendered it, it is said, almost invariably fatal. The resident gentry, indeed, covered themselves with immortal honour on the trying occasion; they very generally gave "employment as far as possible to all the poor that applied for it, and fed multitudes who must otherwise have perished;" but these, alas! were few, and often at great distances, and in that case the suffering was greatly heightened. Thus, it appears, that absenteeism was often the direct cause of the calamity, which it always aggravated.

'Leaving, then, wholly out of our consideration the more apparent and constantly operating evils of this pest of Ireland; that mass of poverty which is created, that distress which is unrelieved; that idleness which is unemployed; that ignorance which is uninstructed; together with all the crime and suffering from which such a state of things is inseparable; what is, lastly, its conduct in regard to its victims in the extremity of nature, when disease is added to poverty, multiplying its sorrows in a ratio of which wealth can have no adequate

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conception? when the desertion, as it respects such sufferers, is irreparable and final? when those last duties, which the humane heart will not allow itself to perform by proxy, are not performed at all? In that awful season, from every quarter of Ireland, there came from the death-bed—bed, did I say! from the scanty straw which spread the cold ground in many a temporary shed; in such as which, were the pampered beast of many a proud absentee put for a single night, he would probably make the air ring with his reproofs; but which were crowded with patient and grateful sufferers, with the infected, the dying, and the dead: from scenes like these, I say, there came a voice as audible as if it had been pealed forth in thunder: "I—I whose labour has supplied all your wants, and supported your grandeur; contenting myself with the refuse, in order to satisfy your exactions, till even that failed me, and I sank; I was sick, and ye deserted me!" It is over! Their victims have given up the ghost unheeded and even unheard; and how should it be otherwise? Pursue the absentee into the scenes in which he is expending, in a single night, what would have delivered one of his dependent families from destruction, and which another description of absentees are receiving. Can it be expected that the last sigh with which the famished wretch takes leave of life should be allowed to untune, for a moment, the "Italian trills" which ravish his refined ears? or that he should withdraw for an instant the eager gaze with which he pursues "the gesturous dance," to bestow it, or a thought with it, on the convulsive death-throes he has occasioned? or that the stake should be withdrawn from the hazard-table, to throw it into the scale, trembling with the fate of numbers, which it would cause to mount up to life and happiness? The very idea is laughable!

'Such, then, is the last wrong absenteeism inflicts, because it is the last it has in its power to inflict; the connection is thus terminated, and it will be happy for those who have had in their life-time their good things, thus obtained and thus employed, if the absenteeism is not eternal. I wish not to speak as an enthusiast in religion, which I am not; but let it be recollected, that the sufferings so occasioned, and thus unrelieved, are not the phantasma flitting in the glooms of a distempered imagination. None can assert this. The nearer they are viewed, the more they seem to multiply and enlarge, till they heighten into awful realities; and whether regarded or not, those shadows are weaving the web of fate, and giving its eternal colour. If there be one jot of truth in Christianity, on this point it is perfectly clear, it absolves no one from the duties of humanity, and least of all, the wealthy. Whether it be, as is so warmly contested, a system of faith or of works, here there can be no controversy. Whatever difference of opinion there may be, as to some of its mysteries, on this point it is awfully plain. And those who admit it to be an excellent sort of thing for the poor, rejecting its authority as it respects themselves, will do well to recollect that, in this particular, its dictates are plainly those of reason, humanity, and policy. They may laugh at its denunciations touching another world, but if these things are suffered to proceed unredressed, the vengeance of outraged humanity will again have to be braved in this, as it has too often been already.'

We need scarcely say, that we intend to recur to this important volume in our next.

The Rûné.

(Concluded from page 215.)

AGNES, the creature of truth and impulse, whom our opening extracts introduced as a child, becomes ultimately 'all that man could

desire in woman; with a person formed in nature's finest mould; a temper in which sweetness was blended with dignity; and a heart open as the day, with eyes and lips that wept at woe or laughed at merriment.' Trevor, a volatile and worthless being, but one who knew how to affect the susceptible imagination of Agnes, before whom he never appeared but 'with his mind and heart in their holiday dress,' succeeds in making her his wife; and then, in the natural order of such affairs, deserts his home for the haunts of dissipation, gambles, lays himself under obligations to Sir Robert Leslie, (in whom, as our readers are already aware, we find the heartless, the brilliant, the irresistible *Roué*,) and thus exposes his young bride to the machinations of this seducer, who, from the instant he first beheld her, had destined her for his prey. The effect which Trevor's conduct produced on the sensitive spirit of Agnes, is skilfully related:—

'Sick and disappointed, her heart still glowing with all its warmth and feeling, no wonder that she at first felt like a being left alone in the world. It was in vain that she cherished the hope of still loving her husband; his conduct would not permit her to do it, even if her heart could have sanctioned an oblivion that could never come; and daily did the little influence which he retained in her heart diminish, till she found herself, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary, in the miserable situation of a wife more than indifferent to the only being whom she had a legitimate right to love.

'It was in vain that she urged to herself the duty she owed him as a husband,—in vain recollected the obligations she had entailed upon herself by the sacred ceremony which bound her to him. She had, alas! been too much the creature of feeling, for mere form to guide her affections, when feeling was gone; and could not but acknowledge to herself that affection had vanished, and that it was impossible for her to conjure up to her own mind even the semblance of a love she no longer experienced. Here was a state for such a heart as hers; a heart overflowing with all the kindest, all the warmest feelings of our nature; a heart that, from its earliest infancy, had felt the necessity of loving; and whose warmest effusions were now condemned to be sent forth, like Noah's dove, from the ark of her own bosom into the wide world, and to return without finding a resting-place upon which they might repose with safety.

'As the dreams of her imagination faded, the world appeared a blank. It presented nothing to fill up the void which the decay of her love for Trevor had left. Books and solitude but encouraged this feeling of desolation; and she sought a refuge from herself and her thoughts in society. She plunged into all the dissipation which her rank in life authorised. Her tables were covered with visiting-tickets; her drawing-room crowded by every thing and every body that was gay, careless, or fashionable, and a certain dread, that the absence of one folly might create the necessity for another, gave a sort of recklessness to her mind and heart, that made her seek a kind of mental intoxication in the enjoyment of society.

'It was the ambition of every body to be upon her list; because to be upon it made a person at once somebody, and not to be upon it was literally to be nobody.

'Leslie gave his powerful influence to this ascendancy; and by his example, made Trevor's house the resort of all the exclusives among the young men of fashion: and though it is generally supposed that the ladies are the

great attraction in society, yet it is well known among the caterers of fashion, that where there is a preponderance of young men, there will likewise be the most numerous assemblage of the other sex. The fact is, there is a mutual attraction; and it is a good thing for all the purposes of society that it is so.

'Leslie watched all the movements of the heart of Agnes with a wary eye, and understood them completely. He had soon discovered the wane of her attachment to Trevor, which he knew must be the natural consequence of his conduct, aided by his own plans.'

'It was his plan that every bright spot in her present existence should emanate from himself. If she had an agreeable recollection or anticipation, he contrived, by some means or other, that they should arise from something which he had said or done, or something which he had proposed.

'In short, had he but taken half the pains for the gratification of a virtuous passion, there is not a woman in the world who could have resisted him.'

In Amelia, the cold, formal, fashionable Amelia, we take as little interest as we should feel for her prototypes in real life. We learn with the most perfect indifference, that she becomes a wife, and the mother of a beautiful boy, and that

'Her accouchement was attended with all the etiquette that the knowledge of Lady Pomeroy could press into her service on the occasion. Dr. Clark, and a nurse who had officiated on such occasions, with two or three countesses and marchionesses, were in attendance in their various capacities; knockers and bells were muffled; the street covered with straw; and every thing conducted perfectly *en règle*.

'Henry Pomeroy was delighted at being a father, and would have spent the whole day in his wife's apartment, and have officiated as principal nurse, had his mother permitted it. He was very anxious that Amelia should perform all the maternal duties herself; and even ventured to suggest that those who consigned such a sweet task to others, were really scarcely more than half the mothers of their own children. All his remonstrances, however, could make no alteration in the determination of Lady Pomeroy that her daughter-in-law should not be made a wet-nurse: it was only for vulgar people to follow the course of nature, and spoil their figures; and quite out of the question for people of fashion to do such things. So poor Henry was condemned to see the child of his delighted affection draw its sustenance from a stranger's bosom, and compelled to make love to a buxom nursery-maid for the pleasure of nursing his own son.

'Amelia was perfectly recovered at the end of a week, but propriety and etiquette required the confinement of a month; and a full month was accordingly permitted to elapse ere the cards of "thanks for obliging inquiries" were issued. The farce of churching was then performed in her own boudoir; and Amelia again appeared as blooming as ever, and with as few cares upon her heart and brow as before she had become a mother.

'With Lady Pomeroy and Amelia, Trevor's conduct, being fashionable, was passed over as all right; but with his sister and with Hartley, it was different. They both trembled at the position in which their friend Agnes was placed; they both foresaw the total wreck of her hopes unless Trevor could be brought to his senses; and the one knowing Leslie, and the other suspecting him, both, without communicating with each other, had the same thoughts on the subject, and trembled for the

happiness of Agnes, though neither of them had even a glimpse of suspicion of her honour.

With these feelings they both watched the movements of the Trevors with anxious solicitude, each afraid to disclose their opinions or their fears to any one else. The continuance of the same train of thought at length led to an *éclaircissement* between themselves, and thus the first step to mutual confidence between Hartley and Lady Emily was taken, through their mutual anxiety for their friend.

All, however, that they could do, was to lament in secret over the conduct of Trevor, and to sympathise with Agnes. Matters continued thus for some time: the alienation of Trevor and Agnes gradually became greater in reality, though not in appearance. At length Lady Emily ventured to argue with him on the absurdity of his conduct, and to represent its too probable consequences: he always sheltered himself under the example of others, and shook off every remonstrance with the unanswerable argument, that "every body did the same." In his own mind too, though almost without acknowledging it to himself, he had such a thorough dependence upon the affection and principles of his wife, that the "probable consequences" hinted at by his sister were never once thought of with any thing resembling the slightest fear of their occurrence. He therefore pursued his usual course, and spent his whole time in gambling, at his clubs, or in the pursuit of some intrigue, which enabled him to preserve the character of a gay fellow, or which gave him some additional notoriety among that set to which he was proud to belong.

There is a good deal of originality in Leslie's mode of *betraying* his passion for Agnes, by taking advantage of a 'really-favourable-purposely-contrived-accidental opportunity' of being discovered by her in the act of adorning a miniature:—

*Her first motion** was to withdraw; but her curiosity, and the secret hope at length of its being gratified, detained her. A deep sigh escaped from Leslie. Emotions which he appeared struggling to repress seemed to overpower him. He started, and wiped the portrait with his handkerchief, as though a tear had dropped upon it. He pressed it to his lips and heart; then gazed upon it again and again; and laying it on the table, concealed his face with his hands, and resting his forehead upon the miniature, sobbed almost convulsively.

Agnes watched him in breathless silence; she felt unable either to retreat or to advance; the contemplation of so much feeling where she had been so often led to suppose there was none; the sighs which now rapidly succeeded each other as he gave way to the sensations which seemed to be overpowering him; altogether created in her own bosom an emotion which kept her silent, and impeded her utterance. Her heart beat quickly: a tear of sympathy for sufferings which she attributed to unrequited love, sufferings, the acuteness of which her own recollection taught her, and which none can feel like woman, trembled in her eye. Yet, sensible of the impropriety of intruding thus upon his secret sorrows, she wished to gain the door unobserved, and to leave him ignorant that there had been any witness to such unequivocal demonstrations of an unhappy attachment.

But she was too late; her first movement struck upon the ear of Leslie; he started, gazed for an instant wildly upon Agnes, then seizing the miniature, closed it hastily, and grasping it with an energy which seemed to say, "None shall take my only treasure from me," held it against his breast. Neither of

* One of many instances of bad taste, or carelessness, by which the style of these volumes is disgraced.—ED.

them could speak for a moment. He gazed at her with an intensely inquiring eye, as though he would ascertain if she had penetrated his secret; and she was too confused by the nature of the scene she had contemplated, and the suddenness of the discovery, to utter a syllable.

At length recovering herself, she repressed the expression of sympathy which was her first impulse; she attempted to address him with an air of badinage, and approaching him—"So, so, Sir Robert Leslie, I find the world does indeed belie your heart when it has designated it as insensible."

"Mrs. Trevor—madam—I beseech," stammered out Leslie.

"Nay, nay, Sir Robert; but may I not know—may not the friendship which exists between us—I mean between you and Mr. Trevor, give me a privilege, where I perceive you are far from happy?"

"Oh! no, no, no!" exclaimed Leslie, energetically.

"May I not ask? Perhaps I might be of service—"

"Of service!—you! you!—oh, no, no, no!" and a sigh burst from his bosom, so deep, that Agnes almost imagined that his heart would have broken with its utterance. She was affected, deeply affected; her words no longer flowed freely—they faltered on her lips—she became silent and confused—he gazed at her for a moment—clasped his hands wildly together—appeared on the point of speaking, and rushed precipitately out of the library, leaving Agnes astonished at the extent of his agitation and alarmed at her own emotions.

Leslie drops the miniature, which Flounce picks up, and conveys to her mistress:—

The temptation to open it came strong upon her. Curiosity, our great mother's vice, became absolutely intense; yet still she resisted the inclination, though her eyes were riveted to the case. Argument after argument entered into her mind as an excuse for the gratification of her desire to see the miniature; but the innate delicacy of her mind prevailed over her curiosity; and she was about placing it in some secure drawer until she saw Leslie to return it to him, when, at an accidental pressure upon the spring, the cover flew open, and the portrait was displayed to her astonished and almost unbelieving sight. She started—the blood rushed to her face, and then back again to her heart; she breathed almost convulsively as she exclaimed, "Good God! what do I see? Can I believe my eyes? my own portrait!!!"

Her situation seemed surrounded with difficulties, and she was still contemplating the portrait, and still pondering on the best method of extricating herself from them, without either betraying Leslie or compromising herself, when she started horror-struck from the *fauteuil* on which she was sitting, on hearing the exclamation of—

"What a striking likeness! never saw such a resemblance in my life; a Chalons in point of style; a Stump in point of colouring; a Drummond in point of expression. Pray, Mrs. Trevor, let me examine it more closely; for if there is any thing I do understand, it is painting." And before Mrs. Trevor could prevent him, D'Oyley had possessed himself of the miniature, and was criticising its merits through his glass.

"Quite a Lawrence in miniature, I declare—as perfect an ivory as I ever beheld; the mind glowing in the features. You must know, madam, expression in portrait-painting is every thing; as I said to Jackson the other day, when he was just touching up Lady Sarah's chin, attend to the expression; for there is more mind in Lady Sarah's chin, than in the

eyes, nose, and mouth of many other people: you know Lady Sarah's whole character lies in her chin; and if there is any thing I do understand, it is expression."

"Mr. D'Oyley—Mr. D'Oyley!" exclaimed Agnes; and she spoke in a tone which electrified the poor busy creature.

"Ma—a—a—m—?"

But she immediately felt the imprudence of giving way to her anger; and therefore forcing a smile, she modulated her voice to a softer tone, and said—"Mr. D'Oyley, you frightened—I mean, surprised me."

"Really—did I—well really now. I am positively sorry, and positively beg pardon; but the fact was, wanting to see Trevor to say many happy returns of to-day—his birth-day—I thought he was in the library, and I came in unannounced. I always think an unexpected congratulation gives the most pleasure; and if there is any thing I do understand, it is giving pleasure."

How severely Agnes felt the contrary, it is needless to observe; she held her hand out for the portrait; but D'Oyley still retained it.

"It is excellent, really excellent; but it wants a touch here—one touch; and the drape, a little stiff; this sleeve should have been a *gigot*, and this kerchief *couleur cerulean*. It would have assorted better with the character of the picture; and if there is any thing I do understand, it is character."

"Sir—sir—pray—pray—the portrait—somebody—" and she was going with her usual openness to betray her fears, when D'Oyley, returning the miniature, interrupted her.

"Ha! I see how it is—see it all in a moment—Trevor's birth-day. The portrait a present—a pleasing surprise! Well, if there is any thing I do understand, it is guessing. Happy Trevor! to have a wife who—" At this moment Trevor entered the library—she had still the portrait in her hand. "Ha, Trevor, continued the pertinacious D'Oyley, "you are arrived just in time—just in time to be the happiest fellow on earth; such a likeness was never seen! Her very self—nay, madam, for once let a poor forlorn bachelor witness the pleasures of connubial attention, if he cannot enjoy them. Nay—nay—I must tell him." Agnes had no power to interrupt him: her tongue seemed to cling to the roof of her mouth—"I can't contain it—Trevor! Mrs. Trevor has the best likeness of herself—the most delightful miniature—as a present for you. Now—pray, madam, give it him. There—there it is; and now, I take my leave; for if there is any thing I do understand, it is the proper time for every thing."

"A miniature!—a present for me?" said Trevor, as he took the portrait from her resistless and trembling hand. A striking resemblance indeed, and I am grateful for it. But why—why this agitation?—why do you tremble? Ah! I know, Agnes, that you think, perhaps, that my late conduct has not deserved such an attention. But, believe me, my inattention is only apparent; the calls on my time—our station in society—the necessity for doing as other people do."

"Oh, Trevor!" exclaimed Agnes, with a faltering voice; and this little apologetic appeal was softening her heart towards him; and she was going to disclaim the picture, the present, and the reproach, when the difficulty of the explanation struck her again speechless. She saw no way of making it with honour to herself, or safety to others; for to such a mind as that of Agnes, to have inspired an illicit love, even involuntarily, appeared a degradation, if not a crime. The recollection of what she imagined had been Leslie's long series of sufferings—the suddenness of the discovery—

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the circumstances attending it—had, in the first moment of surprise, seduced her heart to take a more lenient view of the event, than even the very short time which had elapsed would permit her to retain; and the sight of her husband—a word or two of returning tenderness, recalled to her all the criminality of the passion she had pitied; and her attempt at explanation proved to her the predicament in which she was placed.

Trevor still attributed her agitation to the first cause to which he had ascribed it; and still attempted to soothe it by a continuance of the same defence with which he had commenced, when he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Leslie; who, with a perturbed step and anxious countenance, almost rushed into the apartment.

Thunderstruck at the sight of Trevor with his arm round Agnes, who seemed ready to sink with agitation, and at seeing the portrait in his hand, his first thoughts were, that a fit of indignation had induced her to give it to her husband, and explain to whom it belonged, and how it had come into her possession. He cursed in his heart the folly and caprice of women; and was bitterly repenting his experiment, when he was relieved by Trevor's presenting him the portrait, and demanding his opinion of its resemblance.

Astonished, and with all his *sang froid* uncertain how to act, and whether Trevor spoke satirically, and with a full knowledge of the circumstances, he cast a rapid glance at Agnes. Her face was, however, hid upon her husband's shoulder. He could catch no instructions—no hint—for his reply; and he again inwardly and bitterly cursed the sex and its caprices.

Trevor, however, relieved him by asking—“Is it not an excellent likeness? You must not laugh at my little old-fashioned wife, Leslie. But this is my birth-day; and it being only the second since our marriage, she has planned this little surprise for me. Is it not her very self?”

“It is, indeed, a most excellent likeness;” and again he cast his eyes towards Agnes. Trevor had now changed his position, and by approaching, had placed himself between Leslie and his wife.

Agnes' eyes were not this time turned from him. They followed her clasped hands, which were raised silently to Heaven, as though attesting her innocence; while an almost impatient motion of her head negatived the idea that she had been at all accessory to the deceit.

“The artist has certainly done his best, and succeeded admirably,” pursued Trevor. “Did you ever see a greater effect produced by any artist in the world?”

“Oh! an immense effect, certainly,” rejoined Leslie, with another glance at Agnes, which was this time returned with indignation.

“Really, my love,” continued Trevor, “you must patronize the fellow, he must be a genius; and then, he has kept your secret so well: who is he?—who is he, Agnes?”

“It is necessary, Trevor, that—that I should explain,” she hesitated.—“Sir Robert Leslie can inform you best.” Her courage rose with the determination to act rightly; and the whole history of the portrait was evidently coming, when Leslie interrupted her with—“Yes, yes, Trevor; it is an artist of my recommendation; one under my patronage; and I recommended him to Mrs. Trevor's attention, as one who would exert himself to the utmost to deserve her future favours.”

An appealing look to Agnes, and her own fears of the too probable consequences of an *éclaircissement* rendered her again silent; and made her, for the first time in her life, the tacit partner in a falsehood.

In a letter to his friend Villars, Leslie thus

alludes to the incident we have just quoted:

‘Tis done, Fred, 'tis done; she knows that I love her, and has nothing to blame but her own curiosity; that is certainly a prevalent vice with the sex. It drove Eve out of Paradise, and Fatima into the blue chamber. One, they say, lost her innocence by her inquisitive disposition, and the other her head. Well, women sometimes get on tolerably well without the one; but they can do nothing without the other, that's certain.’

‘Thus, Fred, you see how we stand. Agnes knows my love; and, what is better, has given at least a tacit assent to what she knew to be a falsehood; and, better than all, that falsehood was to deceive her husband. I have lost my portrait, it is true; but I have made one step towards gaining the original.’

And obtain her he does, but not till after the death of Trevor, (a violent death, occasioned, though indirectly, by the Roué himself,) and then only through the dull and legitimate medium of marriage. From such union, neither reformation on the part of Leslie, nor happiness on that of Agnes, was to be expected. Towards the conclusion of the story, it is discovered, that Leslie had been married, when on the continent, to Angelica Carini, a creature of extraordinary beauty, whose introduction, at a fête given by Agnes, is managed with much pathos and effect. Clifton, too, again appears on the scene, and soothes the dying moments of the deceived, but, through all her agonies and disappointments, the virtuous Agnes. The catastrophe is wrought up with astonishing power: Leslie's flight with the newly-married wife of his friend Villars; the subsequent duel between these partners in vice and degradation; and the letter which the former, in the intervals of pain, writes from his death-bed,—all evidence powers of description and expression, strength of imagination, and knowledge of human nature, which must eventually rank the writer (Mr. Beasley, as it is generally understood,) with the most vigorous and successful of our novelists.

A Disquisition on the Nature and Properties of Living Animals, &c. By G. WARREN, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 152. London, 1828. Longman and Co.

VOLTAIRE once remarked, that two disputants in metaphysics were like two people dancing a minuet, in which there was a great deal of unnecessary ceremony and parade, an ostentatious display, and winding, and turning, and twisting, till they stood upon the precise spot from which they started; however forcibly such an observation may apply to many who engage on the subject of metaphysics, it certainly does not hold good with regard to the present production of Mr. Warren, who has brought great ingenuity, much research, and no inconsiderable share of perspicuity, to his aid. This work, however, must not be considered as purely metaphysical, his professional knowledge having enabled him to illustrate much of his argument with positive facts, and to inquire ‘how far our knowledge of anatomy and physiology is consistent with the belief of a soul and a future life.’ The author remarks, that he has abridged the matter as far as could be done consistently with his argument; and as we admit this to be the case, we shall give only a few detached passages, rather with the view of exciting a thirst for knowledge, than of attempting an elucidation of Mr. Warren's

principles. If the best study of mankind is man, here is an introduction to that study so clear and comprehensive, that the inquirer cannot avoid being delighted with its intelligence and guidance; and should he occasionally discover positions which he cannot at once acknowledge, they will awaken his mind to fresh inquiries, and induce him to pursue satisfactorily a subject worthy of the nicest investigation. The author says—

‘Much of the unprofitable controversy upon this subject, and the many difficulties in which it is involved, appear to me to have arisen from a vague and unsettled application of the term “mind,” which has sometimes been used to signify the soul, sometimes the ideas acquired by the soul, sometimes an opinion, and sometimes a desire or wish. No writer upon this subject appears to have taken any definite views of the two terms soul and mind, and hence they have been used in so ambiguous a sense, as to render nugatory any attempt to establish just opinions upon the nature of animal being. Hence, also, the discourses of philosophers, divine and profane, teem with such irreconcilable positions, as seldom fail to render the subjects connected with this matter, a mere mass of bewildering words. Even Mr. Locke, whose acuteness in discerning, and powers of analysis were admittedly so great, has used these terms without any definite meaning, by which his subject, (the human understanding,) has suffered much obscurity, and his opinions have been laid open to much unnecessary debate. To obviate and guard against the confusion which must otherwise arise, I shall here, however arbitrary the distinction may appear, give a definition of the term “mind” in contradistinction to the soul; and the justness of it, as well as its utility, will, I trust, appear in the sequel.’

‘The mind is constituted of those ideas and that collective knowledge, which the anima or soul of an individual may have acquired through the medium of the organs of sense, and by its own powers of retaining, comparing, discerning, compounding, and abstracting ideas. Also, of that aptitude or readiness which the soul of an individual may have acquired, of willing the action or suspension of action, of muscles, and of choosing and refusing. Also, of that aptitude or readiness for certain feelings, with their accompanying actions, called passions or affections: or, in fewer words, it may be defined the acquirements of the soul. Hence it should appear, that the faculties of the soul may be inherent, while the mind of the animal is evidently and admittedly acquired.’

‘Mankind, without having clear and definite ideas upon a subject, do yet sometimes have such a glimpse of the truth, as preserves them from falling into gross inconsistencies of speech. Of this, an example presents itself in the common usage of the term “mind,” which how muchsoever it may have been abused in philosophical disputes, has been correctly appropriated in common parlance. Whence these expressions are of daily occurrence, an imbecile mind, deranged mind, enlarged mind, enervated mind, decay of mind; and the formation of mind, is spoken of in children. But the expressions of imbecile soul, deranged soul, enlarged soul, decay of soul, do seldom or never occur; nor is the formation of soul ever spoken of in children. The expressions enlarged mind and enlarged soul, if compared, will be found to convey different ideas; the former will be understood to be an acquirement of knowledge, the latter, a soul liberated from the body; at least I conceive such would be their acceptance, if not used in a connected discourse.’

‘The existence of such faculties being admitted, and also the brain, or, as some contend,

the brain and spinal marrow, being the acknowledged seat of such faculties, I now proceed to the definition of life. Than this, nothing has hitherto been more difficult, nor is it matter of surprise when it is considered, that the just definition of any subject or thing depends upon a correct knowledge of it, and is a conclusion rather than a first principle of reasoning. The usual definition of life is, that "it is the sum total of its functions." This definition, whatever knowledge it at first appears to convey, is a mere waiving of the matter, as it may be asserted of every thing or being that it is the sum total of its qualities. My definition of life, a conclusion founded upon physiological opinions hereafter to be advanced, and to be maintained upon grounds hereafter to be jealously and suspiciously scrutinized, is, that it is a relation between an anima or soul, and the natural laws of this material world.

Mr. Warren occupies six chapters in the detail of his theory, and in describing the organization of the human body: in his seventh chapter he re-views his facts and propositions, and states—

"That in every living animal there are certain faculties or attributes to which, when considered abstractedly, may be appropriated the term "anima" or "soul;" that life consists of a relation between such attributes and the physical laws of the material world; that the body is the medium or instrument by which such relation is accomplished; that sensibility, muscular contractility, the organic movements, and animal combinations, depend upon the agency of electric fluid; that the ulterior use of food-taking is the supply of electric fluid; that the rapid circulation in animals is always in accordance with their degree of sensibility; that in the operation between the arterial and nervous systems, as well as in muscular contraction and organic movements, heat is evolved; and that the use of the lungs is to cool the body.

"Upon these opinions we do attain a clear, intelligible, and rational idea of a living animal individually; and we attain a clear, intelligible, and rational view of the animal creation in general. Casting our eyes around, we see a vast assemblage of living beings, varying in shape, size, and structure, in their capacities and habits; inhabiting all nature, spreading over the face, and delving into the inmost recesses of the earth, rising and teeming in the circumambient atmosphere, diving into the deep bosom of ocean, and crowding with their presence even the fluids we are destined to drink, and the food we exist upon; each being equally perfect in itself, having an organized body adapted to its destined habits, and suited to its wants and situation. In every individual of this immense congregation, we recognise the power of perceiving, and therefore take that faculty as the great distinguishing feature of this order of being. We have a perfect example of life, in every being having an established relation between its faculty or power of perceiving and any of the natural laws of the material world; while the more extended relation with those physical laws made by the super-addition of other organs of sense, afford us varieties of animated beings at once wonderful and instructive, wonderful in one intelligent principle perceiving through several sensible organs, and instructive, in that it leads us to the opinion of its capacity for more, and even an indefinite number of sensible organs. The complicated structure and varied functions which anatomy and observation present to our consideration, we regard as all tending to the support, (being servient or subservient to the convenience,) of this relation, (or life). The bony fabric of our frame is the well-adjusted foundation of the superstructure of the body;

the voluntary and involuntary muscles, the simple instruments of animal and organic movement; the structure and functions of the brain and nerves, the heart and arteries, the veins, the mouth with its glandular appendages, the stomach and intestines, the liver, the lungs, the kidneys and bladder, the functional power of the skin, the absorbents and lacteals, we regard as all labouring in the support of this relation between the soul and the physical laws of the material world. The animal organs or instruments adapted to the laws of the ever-varying light and sound, we see furnished with regulators to keep their powers constantly fit for accomplishing this relation. We do not acknowledge an unnecessary and useless decomposition and re-formation of living bodies, nor do we suppose animals encumbered by a complicated organization, (the pulmonary apparatus,) for the purpose of making them warm-blooded, a circumstance unnecessary to existence, and therefore regarded by us as adventitious. We know the cause why infants have a very rapid circulation, hasty digestion, and high temperature; also, why they have greater relative abdominal development, and consume such greater relative supplies of food, and why all these processes and results diminish, as the animal increases in size. We learn, also, why the larger animals have relative slow circulation, and comparative small abdominal development, and consume small relative supplies of food. We perceive why animals are not all warm-blooded, and that it does not arise, as has been supposed, from caprice in their Designer, but is a necessary consequence resulting from the situation in which they are placed by him, of infinite wisdom and power. These opinions, therefore, afford at least as clear, intelligible, and rational an idea of a living animal, as any theory heretofore given."

"The believers in, and supporters of, the doctrine of materialism have not rested their assent, nor grounded their argument upon any connection, as cause and effect, discovered between organization and those recognised faculties of the animal to which I have appropriated the term soul; but they reason thus:—Our knowledge is confined to cause and effect; we have no knowledge of a power of perceiving, until it is recognised by us in the act of perceiving; the act of perceiving is accomplished only by means of organization; therefore the power of perceiving is the result of organization. To bring this mode of reasoning to the test of experience, let us apply it in explaining the property of a telescope. Our knowledge is confined to cause and effect; we have no knowledge of the ring of Saturn, until it is recognised by us in the act of perceiving it; the act of perceiving it is accomplished only by means of a telescope; therefore the power of perceiving the ring of Saturn is the result of the telescope. But, would any one continue to maintain a conclusion so glaringly and evidently incorrect? The telescope, here, is the mean through which is demonstrated, by the act of perception, both the existence of the ring of Saturn in the natural creation, and a power of perceiving it in the animal. So the act of perception, through the organization of the animal, is merely a demonstration of a perceiving power and some of the physical laws of the material world; and no proof, or shadow of proof, of the perceiving power being the result of organization. The same must be evident of the other faculties of the soul."

"The assertions concerning the soul, that it is a thing of negative qualities, &c., is absolutely incorrect. Its qualities are of the most positive and fixed nature of any qualities with which we are acquainted; they are also evidenced to the individual, both by the direct testimony of all his senses, and by most deci-

sive proof in their effects, as is seen in the acts of perception, memory, volition, and affection. To the question concerning the mind of the fetus, or the child just born, there attaches all that ambiguity which must result from a vague and unsettled usage of the terms mind and soul. In reply, it must be acceded, that the mind, which I have defined to be the acquirements of the soul, is not yet formed, but the anima or soul has as perfect an existence as in the adult, as may be seen by future observation of its development. If the existence of all things which are unseen, unheard, and untouched, be denied, then must they deny the existence of the power of perceiving the ring of Saturn to those who have not seen it, of hearing the sound called pectoriloquy to those who have not heard it, or of feeling the intense cold of frozen mercury to those who have never touched it. In fact, no power or faculty is known but as recognised in some act. So that while the soul's actual being in the fetus is not disproved by those who deny its existence, we are free to admit and acknowledge, that the mind is acquired, "that it is infantile in the child, manly in the adult, sick and debilitated in disease, frenzied or melancholy in the madman, enfeebled in the decline of life, dotting in decrepitude, and annihilated in death." Further, in the spirit of this method of argument, to confound the reasoning of their opponents, they tauntingly demand concerning the nature of immaterial being; forgetting that, if a similar demand be made of them concerning the nature of matter about which they imagine themselves so much more conversant, they would be unable to define it further than by its qualities, which is no more than may be done, and herein has been done, of being called immaterial."

The extracts we have made are no doubt sufficient to satisfy our readers, that the praise we have bestowed upon this volume is well merited: we cannot pursue the subject further, but shall conclude with an observation of the author, "that the soul of man is naturally, philosophically, and peculiarly adapted for those higher contemplations and sublime hopes which religion upholds to his race."

The Cypress Wreath. By MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON. 12mo. pp. 159. London, 1828. Smith and Co.

WE have perused this little volume with interest, and not without occasional feelings of sympathy and admiration. Rarely has the ebullition of private sorrow, the lamentation which arises from the bereaved hearth, been put forth so delicately, so unaffectedly, and yet so forcibly. Our feelings are awakened by the mourner, and go with her without reluctance, because she has not sought to enkindle them by artifice, or to entrap them by false and overcharged pictures of distress. There is, also, an agreeable absence of egotism, the natural, the besetting sin of too many whose poetry forces their individual loves or sorrows on the public gaze. Mrs. C. B. Wilson has given her book a title of melancholy import, apparently implying that its whole contents are sombre, which is by no means the case; serious they certainly are, but very few are decidedly *degiac*. The Sabbath Bell is, perhaps, no inefficient representative of the graver portion of the volume:—

"Pilgrim!—that hast meekly borne
All the cold world's bitter scorn,
Journeying through this vale of tears,
Till the promised land appears,
Where the pure in heart shall dwell,
Thou dost bless the Sabbath bell!"

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'Idler! following Fashion's toys,
Seeking, 'mid its empty joys,
Pleasure—that must end in pain,
Sunshine—that will turn to rain;
What does whisp'ring Conscience tell,
When *thou* hear'st the Sabbath bell?

'Poet! dreaming o'er thy lyre,
Wasting health and youthful fire;
Wooing, still, the phantom Fame,
For, at best, a fleeting name;
Burst the chains of Fancy's spell,
Listen! 'tis the Sabbath bell!

'Monarch! on thy regal throne,
Ruler! whom the nations own;
Captiv! at thy prison grate,
Sad in heart and desolate;
Bid Earth's minor cares farewell,
Hark! it is the Sabbath bell!

'Statesman! toiling in the mart
Where Ambition plays his part;
Peasant! bronzing 'neath the sun
Till thy six days' work are done;
Ev'ry thought of bus'ness quell,
When ye hear the Sabbath bell!

'Maiden! with thy brow so fair,
Blushing cheek and shining hair;
Child! with bright and laughing eye,
Chasing the wing'd butterfly;
Hasten! when, o'er vale and dell,
Sounds the gath'ring Sabbath bell!

'Trav'ler! thou whom gain, or taste,
Speedeth through Earth's weary waste;
Wand'r'er! from thy native land,
Rest thy steed and slack thine hand,
When the seventh day's sunbeams tell,
There—they 'wake the Sabbath bell!

'Soldier! who, on battle-plain,
Soon may'st mingle with the slain;
Sailor! on the dark blue sea,
As thy bark rides gallantly;
Prayer and praise become ye well,
Though ye hear no Sabbath bell!

'Mother! that with tearful eye,
Stand'st to watch thy first-born die;
Bending o'er his cradle-bed,
Till the last pure breath has fled;
What to thee of hope can tell,
Like the solemn Sabbath bell?

'Mourner! (thus it seems to say),
Weeping o'er this fragile clay;
Lift from earth thy streaming eyes,
Seek thy treasure in the skies;
Where the strains of angels swell
One eternal Sabbath bell!"

The Lover to his dead Mistress will further exemplify our author's mastery over the gentler feelings:—

'My first love!—my first love!
I saw thee in thy grave;
And all my cherish'd hopes dissolv'd,
Like snow upon the wave;
I heard the solemn requiem float,
Upon thy fun'ral day;
Memory recalls each plaintive note,
Though years have pass'd away!

'My first love!—my first love!
I kiss'd thee in thy shroud;
When darkly fell November's gloom,
And winds were shrieking loud!
When all seem'd chill, as this sad heart,
And those cold lips I press'd;
And Sorrow reign'd in ev'ry part,
A deep—and settled guest!

'My first love!—my first love!
Fond memory clings to thee;
Though other links again fill up
My chain of destiny.
Fancy yet lingers, as at first,
On each remember'd grace;
The idol, my young spirit nurst
Still, still, I brightly trace!

'My first love!—my first love!
I never can forget
All that thou wert, or wouldst have been,
Hadst thou been spar'd me yet!
Fancy, who weaves her brightest dream,
Through sorrow's veiling tears,
Oft pictures what thou *now* wouldst seem,
In added grace and years.

'My first love!—my first love!
I know 'tis vain to mourn
O'er early hopes—long past away,
That never can return;
And thus, when smiling friends are met,
My brow throws off its care;
But in this heart I hold thee yet,
And pay my worship there!

'My first love!—my first love!
Thy memory is a light,
Burning, like that on Erin's shrine,
In me, for ever bright;
Time, that doth make most feelings bend,
Yielding to his decree,
Cannot from its fond shelter rend
One cherish'd thought of thee!"

The Lay of the Mourner forms our concluding specimen:—

'It is not 'mid the busy throng,
When all around from care are free,
That tender thoughts come stealing on,
Mingled with fond regret for thee!
It is not in life's giddy round,—
The crowded scene,—"the hum of men,"
My heart is conscious of the wound,
That ne'er on earth shall heal again!

'No!—it is when the busy day
Is o'er;—and night, in sable pall,
(Chasing each worldly thought away),
Veils lowly cot—and lordly hall!
When Sleep sits close, on happier eyes,
On lids from Sorrow's tear-drops free;
That phantoms of the past arise
And Memory's vision turns to thee!

'Yes!—oft thy smile's remember'd light
Illumes the darkness of my soul,
In the calm hours of "stilly night,"
When Fancy reigns without control!
Oft do the morning stars surprise
(Those ling'ring gems pale daylight knows),
My vigils,—ere these wakeful eyes,
Have tasted Slumber's brief repose!

'They bear me on from place to place;
From rustic scene to lighted hall:
And, if Joy's sunshine cross my face,
Deem that I have forgotten all!
But wrong they deem!—unquaffed by me,
Lethe's oblivious wave may flow;
I would not lose one thought of thee,
For all that Pleasure could bestow!

'Thy memory!—'tis the light that flings
Radiance,—where darkness else had been,
The link to which my spirit clings,
To draw it from this mortal scene;
It is the one inspiring thought,
From all Earth's grosser passions free;
The whisper'd Hope, with rapture fraught,
That where thou art—I yet may be!

'They who would bid my fancy range,
From dwelling on thy mem'ry here,
What do they offer in exchange,
That I could cherish half so dear?
My guide on earth,—my hope in Heav'n,
The pilot of Life's darken'd hour;
Oh! say—what bliss has Pleasure giv'n,
To equal Sorrow's hallowing power?"

This volume will increase the poetical reputation of the writer. There is nothing about the productions of Mrs. Wilson very new or striking; but there is fancy, grace, and tenderness enough to ensure favour with a large class of readers.

GOMEZ ARIAS; OR, THE MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS.

(Concluded from page 212.)

IN our former notice of this romance, we observed that pathos of sentiment was by no means very strikingly apparent in it, yet pathetic situations are sometimes very powerfully depicted. Of this we have an example in the following passage, when Theodora, who has been indulging in melancholy reveries, one evening, in the garden of Aguilar, really sees her lover whom she believes to be dead, but imagines it to be a mere illusion of fancy:—

'It was night, gentle and serene, such a night as in the favoured clime of Andalusia is wont to succeed the sultriness of a summer's day. The bright canopy of heaven shone in passionless serenity, emblazoned with its countless stars. The moon flung a solemn light on the tall palaces and stately turrets of Granada, and tinged the citron groves of Don Alonzo's garden with a flood of chaste and silvery splendor. The placid beams reposed calmly and unbroken on the bosom of the still lake, or danced fitfully on the bubbling eddies of the limpid water, as it fell on the marble basin with a refreshing sound.

'How beautiful this calm! In such a spot as this could the wearied mind taste of the sweet repose of an earthless spirit. But hark! the breathless silence is violated by a low harsh sound. It is the grating voice of yonder ponderous Moorish casement. It opens, and a female form is there wrapped in contemplation; her eye is fixed, her figure motionless. She now raises the trembling fingers to her white forehead, and reclines on her arm, and she watches, with the unconscious gaze of an absent mind, the sportive waters as they play below. She seemed to delight in the soft stillness, and to gather fresh life amidst the mysterious shades that reigned around. Spirit-like, she sat in the frowning window, enrobed in shadow, and the cold whiteness that pencilled out her form, seemed to array it with the character of a living statue.

'It was Theodora—the hapless Theodora, who, a prey to the rooted melancholy that consumed her, had left her couch to enjoy undisturbed the luxury of grief. The garden soon brought to her fancy recollections of past scenes, and the source of all her present misfortunes. It was in a garden, and on such nights as these that her meetings with Gomez Arias had taken place, as well as the last interview which had decided her fate, and given birth to all the miseries which followed. Tranquil and serene was all around; Theodora felt a wild and romantic sensation of delight, while gazing on objects fraught with associations of past bliss and present misery. The hallowed placidity of the blue vaulted heavens; the soft whispering of the foliage that slumbered in the cold moonlight; the spectre-like appearance of the tall trees, which stood partly enrobed in shadowy darkness, and partly glowing in serene and chastened splendour; the gentle murmuring of the sportive breeze—all tended to lead her senses into a delusive, but pleasing reverie. She listened, and thought she heard his voice. She looked tremblingly as if in the expectation of the appearance of her lover. The thicket of myrtle rustles and shakes, and flings on the air its load of fragrance, when from its green bosom softly steals forward a tall and majestic figure.

'Could it be possible? Or had her bewildered imagination conjured up the airy phantom to deceive her? It was he—Gomez Arias—and as she gazed intensely, the shadow moved slowly along, lengthening in the moonlight as it proceeded. No delusion was here;

it was indeed her lover she beheld, moving with the same graceful manner as when she saw him last in the garden of her father. The phantom approached, not in the unearthly sickly semblance of a tenant of the tomb, but radiant with the joy of a successful lover; his eye beaming with the glow of life. It moved! it passed! 'tis gone—and Theodora, in the complication of her feelings, remained with her eyes fixed, looking intently on the space where she had distinguished the form of her lover.

During some time she remained plunged in a delightful trance, till the solemn knell of a neighbouring convent, summoning the cloistered monks to their orisons, suddenly dissolved the potent charm, and banished the bright illusion for the reality of sorrow. The dear image of her lover had departed, and a veil of gloom seemed to fall over the surrounding scene. An unearthly chillness pervaded the air; the night wind sighed mournfully through the rustling boughs of the trees; the moon threw a colourless light from behind a shroud of clouds, and the semblance of death seemed to reign around.

Our author's talent for narration transcends occasionally, as we have already remarked, from a superabundance of riches which delights in amplification; but this defect, if it be one, may easily be corrected by a writer who is capable of using that energy and rapidity of recital observable in several passages,—the following, for instance, which relates to the death of one of the rebel chiefs who has been defending the fortress of Lanjaron:—

Under these distressing circumstances, el Negro assembled his men, and in a short but animated speech endeavoured to make them sensible of the importance of keeping possession of Lanjaron, till the other leaders had gained time to organise their means of defence in the Alpujarras. The words of el Negro were received with a burst of enthusiasm, and for some time the Moors vied with each other in giving the most heroic proofs of courage and perseverance. As the fortress, however, was completely surrounded, and the means of subsistence began to fail them, as a last hope, they made a desperate sally during the night, but were driven back with considerable loss. The failure of this attempt damped their resolution, and some of the less courageous even murmured against an exploit beset with difficulties, which it appeared next to an impossibility to surmount.

El Negro beheld these symptoms of discontent with heartfelt sorrow, but at the same time with a countenance expressive of coolness and undaunted fortitude. He exerted his utmost endeavour to quell the rising storm, soothing some with pleasing hopes and promises, and thundering horrible threats on the most refractory. The following morning three grisly heads, dripping blood, appeared affixed to poles upon the battlements; but this salutary punishment did not produce the expected effect, for though it appalled the discontented, it inspired not a single spark of valour in their hearts; whilst the Christians, who beheld the ghastly spectacle, augured favourably from this bloody proof of disaffection.

The numbers of the besieged were daily decreasing, until at length they came to an open resolution of surrendering at discretion. The principal men of the garrison, without the knowledge of their chief, had already sent privately a messenger into the camp of the Spaniards to treat about the surrender, and the conspirators had assembled in a clandestine meeting, when el Negro, whom they supposed to be reposing from his fatigue, sud-

denly came, and threw them into consternation.

"Traitors! what means this?" he cried, with a voice of thunder; "what are your intents?"

"To capitulate," answered one more hardy than the rest, "and save our lives by a timely submission."

"Villain!" exclaimed el Negro, fiercely, "thou at least shalt not enjoy the reward of thy cowardice!" And raising his arm, with a ponderous blow of his scymitar, he cleaved the head of the traitor down to the very shoulder, and the body rolled heavily on the ground. His companions stood aghast in speechless horror, whilst el Negro, his lips curling with ire, and casting around a glance of defiance and contempt—"Go," he exclaimed, "go, unworthy Moors, and abandon a cause which you have not the courage to sustain. Go, and live like slaves, since ye know not how to die like men. Senseless, pitiful cowards! Was it for this then that you forced me to be your leader? Was it for this that I abandoned Grenada, leaving there, at the mercy of the Christians, all my dearest friends, and severing the tenderest ties that bind man to existence? Go, and accept the proffered pardon. I will remain alone, to show our countrymen of the Alpujarras, that at Lanjaron there was at least one true man—one who knew how to die in the execution of his duty."

He said, and snatching the sacred standard, ascended rapidly to the summit of the battlements, and placed himself by the three heads, which, from their exposure to the sun and wind, had already begun to decay, and presented a most ghastly and loathsome spectacle. The revolted garrison threw open the gates of the castle to their enemies, whilst el Negro, abandoned by all his companions, continued gloomily pacing the battlements. The Christians, respecting his resolute conduct, and willing to save his life, sent a herald to invite him once more to surrender, declaring he had done his duty, and death alone would be the consequence of his further resistance. He received the message with a sneer, in which contempt was blended with sadness and despair; then taking the presented *adarga*, the acceptance of which was a signification of peace, he threw it disdainfully on the ground, and trampled it under his feet.

"Carry this answer to him who sent thee!" and folding his arms, he resumed his melancholy walk.

The Christians now took possession of the castle, and el Negro tranquilly beheld their approach. El Alcayde de los Donceles, willing to make a last effort to save him, cried out as he advanced—"Yield thee, Moor—yield—and accept thy pardon."

"Never!" exclaimed fiercely el Negro; "the Moor will accept no boon from his enemies. Death is now my only resource; but, Christians, do not rejoice; I have been subdued by treachery, not by arms. Do not rejoice, for our resources are still great, and while el Feri de Benastepar and Caneri live, your oppression shall not be complete."

He said, and with a sudden spring he hurled himself from the summit of the tower. His body falling on a rock below, was dashed to pieces.

The picture of the battle of Sierra Bermeja, in which the valiant Aguilar is killed by El Feri, is one of the finest narrative portions of the romance; it is a detailed account, but no one will complain of its length. The author has here followed the legends of this catastrophe, as found in the Spanish chronicles and ballads; but he has embellished them most judiciously. We can only copy the

latter portion of this glowing picture, in which the death of Aguilar is thus described:

The followers of Don Alonso were now reduced to a very limited number, but he perceived on their countenances the noble expression of resigned courage and high-minded patriotism. A sad smile of satisfaction was on his lip, as with a firm voice, he exclaimed:—

"Christians, this standard must be planted on the highest point we can attain." Then after a pause, he added, pointing to the little plain; "Behold your grave!—advance boldly—there is the last stage of our existence—and if any one returns to Grenada, he may tell the queen that Alonso de Aguilar had redeemed his pledge."

These words were electric—the countenances of his companions brightened, and they seemed to acquire new vigour from the example of their noble leader. They dealt their blows with increased energy, and after a terrific struggle, they at length reached the fatal plain. There they halted at the goal of their glorious career, and Alonso de Aguilar planting the standard of the cross firmly on the ground, placed himself near a rock which he caused to be surrounded by his men. There the devoted warriors resolved to await their fate.

The Moors now rushed on them from all parts with a ferocious joy. But many were those who fell before they could succeed in mastering the brave and infuriated Christians. Man to man they fought, and round the rock the gallant soldiers gradually fell. The heroism of the Spaniards might protract, but could not avert their fall. Aguilar at length beheld himself alone amongst a heap of his fallen men; his armour was broken in many places, and stained with the life-blood which flowed through the crevices; with his left hand he grasped the remains of a banner, and supported himself against the rock, while his right still continued to wield his ponderous sword. The numerous assailants looked with dread and awe on the redoubtable champion, and for some time seemed to be riveted to the place. But a host was gathering around to rush at once upon the formidable foe, when a giant figure made his way through the crowd, crying aloud—

"Yield thee, Christian, for the Moors know how to respect courage like thine."

"Yield! Never will I yield to a rebel. I am Alonso de Aguilar."

"Thanks to the prophet!" cried the Moor; "look, then, on thy irreconcilable foe!—I am El Feri de Benastepar."

Aguilar saw the Moor-chief with the fortitude of a noble heart, and rising superior to his adverse fortune, although covered with wounds, and fainting from exhaustion, he sprang forward to meet the advance of his terrible adversary, whilst the Moors, awed by the meeting of such warriors, stood around in breathless silence.

The mighty foes closed in desperate combat. But soon Aguilar, conscious of his weakness, retired to his original position against the rock, and in that posture sustained the attack. The fresh and unabated force of El Feri became too powerful for the Christian chief, worn out as he was with the loss of blood, and the fatigue of many hours of battle. Aguilar now perceived that to die nobly was the only alternative he could embrace, and, accordingly, grasping firmly the banner, he continued a resolute but unequal combat. His exhaustion, however, increased, and as he perceived his end approach, he sprang forward, and with one desperate blow, in which he collected his remaining energies, endeavoured to crush his enemy. But the exertion far exceeded his strength, and the same blow that an hour before would have cloven through buckler and

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lion,

hauberk, now fell almost harmless upon the shield of El Feri. The Moor availed himself of the moment, and before Aguilar had time to recover, the scymitar of his foe had cleft through the helmet of Don Alonso, and sunk deep into the brain. The hero fell; with one deep sigh his noble spirit parted from its clay, and the brave, the generous, the heroic Don Alonso de Aguilar was no more!

The character of El Feri, though merely sketched in outline, is nevertheless one of the most interesting in the work; he is brave, active, superior to the follies and defects of his companions, and of an eminently generous and noble turn. We copy the portrait of his person, to give an idea of our author's talents in this style of description. Caneri is on the point of overpowering the resistance of the enfeebled and wretched Theodora:—

"Her unmanly enemy ferociously mastered her remaining efforts; her feeble struggles were almost overpowered, and as her senses were about to forsake her, she wildly shrieked aloud for help. At this moment a noise was heard at the entrance of the room; the door, as if by a tremendous exertion of strength, was wrenched from its hinges, and a tall mysterious figure stalked into the apartment and stood motionless with amazement. Theodora uttered a scream of joy at this timely deliverance, while the enraged and disappointed Moor turned fiercely round to ascertain who had the temerity to venture upon such an intrusion.

"The towering figure that stood before him seemed a stranger to his eyes. He was enveloped in a long and ample Spanish cloak, and his countenance was almost hidden by a dark clustering feather that fell from his slouched hat.

"Caneri shook with ire.

"What treason is this?" he exclaimed. "A cursed Christian in my very dwelling. Ma-ligue! Alagraf! Where are ye, villains? Guards! Seize the wretch, seize him, and drag him to death!"

"Stay!" cried the stranger, in a voice of thunder; "stay! ere thou darest to offer the least violence to me—nay, advance but one foot, and I'll strike thee to the earth."

"Caneri was awed by the noble and fearless manner of the stranger.

"A Christian!" he continued, in a more subdued voice, "and darest thou in my very dominions to utter such vaunting threats? Dost thou forget that these are the Alpujarras, and that I am Caneri?"

"I am no Christian," replied the stranger: "a Moor, a true Moor am I, but one who blushes to count Caneri amongst his associates."

"Speak!" cried Caneri, bewildered, "Speak! what mystery is this? Who, then, art thou?"

"Know me, then," returned the other, and throwing aside his disguise, discovered a man of tall stature and athletic proportions. On his dark bronzed countenance there was an expression of bold defiance and cool resolution; his eyes were lighted up with the fire of noble courage, and although no tender feeling could be detected in his stern features, yet they were not altogether devoid of generosity. He was a model of mountain beauty, wild, majestic, and free from artful decoration. A simple Moorish tunic, which the most humble of his followers might wear, covered his manly figure, and the only mark of distinction by which his dignity could be recognized was a scarf of green, the sacred colour, and a large buckler on which was portrayed a noble lion, surmounted by the Arabic motto,—

"Edem pasban derwish est aslan.*"

* "The brave man who protects the helpless, is a lion."

"Caneri gazed in astonishment, and almost bereft of the powers of utterance, could only exclaim—"El Feri!"

"Yes!" answered he. "El Feri de Benas-tepar arrives in time to witness the honourable occupation of his colleague in command, whilst our brave companions remain unburied and rotting on these wild solitudes, and the proud Christian pursues us like the hungry tiger, giving us not a moment's repose; whilst our forces have been routed and slaughtered by the victorious Alonso de Aguilar, and the few that have escaped his murderous sword, in conjunction with El Feri, are compelled to seek for safety in disguise and flight; I thought we should meet with succour and assistance in the mountain home of Caneri—and how do I meet him? Not ready in arms to cover our retreat; not laudably occupied in providing resources for our dispirited soldiers, but meanly courting the blandishments of a Christian slave. Weak and forlorn and despairing, my few brave comrades are stretched on yonder street, fainting through want, and worn out with fatigue. I call upon Caneri for help, and I find that the power which was intrusted to him for our mutual defence is basely employed, not against the common enemy, but a feeble defenceless female! Shame, Moor! shame! But that I reverence the public voice that named thee chief, and that I desire not to arrogate to myself a retributive justice, I myself would wrench from thee that command which thou shamest, and intrust it to the hands of men more worthy."

We might quote numerous other passages, all differing in style and character, which are scattered profusely throughout the work; but the extracts we have already made will suffice to impress on the mind of our readers the favourable account we have given them of Gomez Arias. Considered as a mere romance, it will be perused with delight by amateurs of that species of reading, which is at present so much in vogue among all classes of society: as an historical romance, it would perhaps have been more important, if the subject of it had been better chosen; but still it is deserving of a distinguished place among the best works of its class. It promises much in favour of the other productions which the author is preparing, in the yet maiden field of the literature of his country; and to speak all our mind, we think that even our last reproach is the less deserved by a young author just appearing in the arena of letters, from its being equally applicable to several writers of great experience, and who have already gained the palm in this style of composition. The historical romance of Sir Walter Scott himself, has but just begun to rise a step above the romance which is merely descriptive of manners; and the author who shall advance one step further, will greatly eclipse the glory of the renowned Scottish writer.

The London Magazine, No. I. Third Series.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with the powerful prospectus, in which a third series of *The London Magazine* was recently announced, will be glad to hear that the writers have redeemed every pledge advanced therein, at least so far as a first number can be instrumental in so doing. Among the papers with which we have been most pleased, are those on the education of the people, a review of the *Roué*, which confirms our own opinion of that singular novel; the philosophy of mind, and characters of contemporary foreign authors and statesmen, the

first of which is of Frayssinous, Bishop of Hermopolis, minister of state, and member of the French Academy; and the second, of M. Royer Collard, president of the Chamber of Deputies, &c. These are spirited and clever sketches, and we doubt not, from certain intrinsic evidence, that they come from a writer, whose means of acquiring information are as extensive, as his manner of dispensing it is brilliant and attractive. The *Diary* (one of the best features of the former series) is preserved in the present; but we are sorry to perceive that it is no longer supplied by the same discursive, caustic, and sparkling genius as before. This is an error which must be rectified; papers of this kind are worse than useless, if not dashed off with smartness and ability.

Popular Lectures on the Steam Engine; in which its Construction and Operation are familiarly explained: with an Historical Sketch of its Invention and Progressive Improvement. By the REV. D. LARDNER, LL. D. London, 1828. John Taylor.

THESE 'Lectures,' on a subject of the highest national importance and individual interest, must still be fresh in the remembrance of many of our readers; and to such no recommendation to become the possessors of them in their present form will, we are convinced, be necessary. To those, however, who were not fortunate enough to be present at their delivery, we would observe, that we know of no work so well calculated to convey all the requisite information for a perfect general comprehension of the principles of this extraordinary machine, the nature of which, but a comparatively short period back, was regarded merely as the idle fancy of a distempered imagination. As may be perceived by the title, Dr. Lardner's main object has been to 'render its principles and operation intelligible to persons of plain understanding and moderate information;' and to effect this, he has been anxious to avoid any approach to obscurity, whether of matter or of manner. The approbation which his labours received, as *viva voce* instruction, is a sufficient proof of the complete success of his endeavours. That which the mind is capable of receiving through the transitory medium of speech, can of course lose none of its intelligibility by adopting a form in which it may be dwelt and meditated on at leisure.

The volume contains a number of admirable illustrative engravings, and a frontispiece by Corbould and Adlard, representing the statue of the celebrated Watt by Chantrey.

The Sybil's Leaves; or, a Peep into Futurity. Ackermann.

THESE Sybil's Leaves form a light and elegant trifle, and are well calculated to promote the innocent amusement of the young, for whom they are intended, and to whose notice we recommend them. There are fifty-two cards, the cover of which gives directions as to the manner in which they are to be used; and it also contains an irresistible invitation to those who wish to have 'the most important points in their future fate *infallibly predicted*,' to draw a card. We ought to have found room for this notice in our last, but there are yet holiday evenings to which these Leaves will be a welcome acquisition.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ON THE VAUDEVILLE, AND ITS INFLUENCE
ON LITERATURE.

MR. EDITOR, — If the following remarks, translated from *Le Globe* French newspaper, upon the vaudeville — a species of musical entertainment unknown among us, though much in vogue among our neighbours across the Channel — be adapted for your columns, their insertion will oblige. I confess the vaudeville has oftentimes afforded me amusement, and beguiled many a lonely hour; and I trust this may meet the eye of some one as well disposed, though better able, to take its part, and prove the untoward severity, not to say injustice, with which it has been treated in the article from whence I make the following extract. I am your's, &c. WHY.

The importance of words is greater than is imagined. The French, naturally quick, said Boileau, invented the vaudeville. When the theatre of La Rue de Chartres was established, fifty years ago, the director made a cunning, though false application of the words above, and took it for his epigraph; and those who reflected but little — and the greater part of mankind have ever been of this class — imagined that the author of the *Art of Poetry* had declared these musical trifles national: yet it is certain he could not have spoken of them, for in his time they did not exist. He meant, by vaudeville, those satirical songs in which fools and knaves have been caricatured at all periods of our history: and in truth this species is national in France, — among other nations it is accidental, while among us it is a necessity, a disease, and has ever possessed, and still possesses immense influence. It has prevented more than one measure, overturned more than one law, and destroyed more than one minister. Hence the saying that the French monarchy was an absolute government tempered by songs. This was the vaudeville that the rigid Despréaux extolled.

Assuredly the legislator of our Parnassus, he who treated Quinault with so much severity, would not have spared a species, the very nature of which is absence of all probability. The mixture of song and dialogue, the essential ingredients of vaudeville, would certainly have offended his sensitive taste. In opera, which unfortunately he did not like, the music is at least constantly going on: it is an acknowledged language, like poetry; the public accepts it at once, and nothing arrives to show its improbability, because it is the only one employed. On the contrary, in vaudeville reason is shocked every time the actors, ceasing to sing, begin to talk, and *vice versa*. Our comic opera also errs on this head; but there, however, it is more supportable, because it is redeemed, as it were, by constant enjoyment. The duos, trios, &c., and the rich accompaniment of the orchestra, are an agreeable compensation. Vaudeville is neither opera nor comedy, but pretends to resemble both; it recalls them in an incomplete manner, and seems to have been invented to delight those who fancy they love literature and music.

The first pieces which bore this title were current anecdotes of the great men of our history, epigrammatic reviews, — sketches without pretension, where figure Columbine,

Harlequin, and such allegorical personages as Mr. Public, Mr. Paris, &c. In fact, they were parodies, more or less clever, on the productions of the *Théâtre Français**. In time they gained ground, and became a sort of stepping-stone to comedy. The object of comedy is to paint, in bold characters, the man of every time, and to attack the inherent vices of the human heart; while vaudeville, following humbly in its suite, endeavours to ridicule the reigning 'monstrosities' of the day. There its ambition ought to stop. Those were the conditions of its existence; and while confined in these limits, all was in harmony and went on well. Harlequin, Columbine, and those other fantastic beings which were generally put in action, not being modelled upon any thing in nature, were at the discretion of the author, who could give them what shape he chose, his imagination being his only guide. The mixture of song and dialogue, the whimsicality of the actors, the singularity of the costumes, the silliness of situation, all was admitted, because nothing was to resemble probability. Far be it from me to blame this sort of entertainment — far from me the rashness to wish to circumscribe the number of the arts! All kinds are good; I would forbid none; but I would have them obedient to the rules which emanate from their own nature. I wish history, for instance, not to be fable, and fable not to be history.

In later times, vaudeville has become inimical to literature in three distinct manners: in withdrawing actors from true comedy, in inveigling authors from their vocation, and in vitiating public taste: this requires explanation, — let us begin with the actors.

The theatres on the boulevard†, by attracting youthful aspirants, not only temporarily deprive the *Théâtre Français* of its actors, but disqualify them for ever appearing on those boards with success; and why? because they prevent them from being comedians. I call them comedians, in the broad real sense of the term, who possess sufficient intelligence, resources, and flexibility of talent, to fill a complete character, however different the shades of it, whether written for them or for another. As for those whose measure is, as it were, taken by an author, who composes characters for them, in which he takes advantage as well of their defects as perfections, I will grant them the name of actor, but not that of comedian. How easy to feel the distance which divides them, and to see how incomparably more difficult the one talent than the other! Twenty years hardly suffice to make a Molé, a Fleury, a Michelot, while two will perfect a Goutier. This facility must naturally tempt the young who aspire to the boards; it is so delightful to jump into a reputation, and seize fortune on the wing. Besides, how resist the allurements of profit! In short, when I begin to reflect, I am only astonished to find any actors at all at the *Français*.

As much may be said for authors. The vaudeville is attractive, but the misfortune is, that it is very difficult to employ oneself on chaster composition after having indulged in this. The minor pieces of our days have the ill luck to resemble the greater, and the vaudeville improved has become a sort of bastard comedy. The difference between a

* The *Théâtre Français* answers to our national theatres.

† These answer to our minor theatres.

piece in one act and another in five is much more than the figures indicate. The following comparison will easily explain my meaning. In a looking glass manufactory those of small dimensions are soon made, and sold at low prices; while, on the contrary, in those which exceed certain dimensions, it is so difficult to avoid bubbles, scratches, asperities, and, in short, a hundred other accidents, that in casting twenty not more than one or two succeed. Hence the increased value of them, while a few inches more would be sufficient to double or quadruple it. The same may be applied to dramatic compositions. The distance between the minor and the best is not appreciable by any calculation, and it may boldly be affirmed that one act is not the third of a piece of three, nor three the half of a piece of five; which clearly proves why those who have written for the Boulevards never apply themselves to superior compositions. The talent the fittest the best disposed for comedy must sink, after having indulged in vaudevilles only a few years. Such pieces have wrested from the *Théâtre Français*, and it is to be feared for ever, many young authors of distinguished abilities who might have done honour to it: better never to have written than to have wasted valuable time upon such trifles. A writer who gives way to such taste contracts a habit and manner which it is no easy matter to abandon. He is accustomed to see with diminished eyes, and to act accordingly; he casts his ideas in little moulds, and expends his talent in small coin; he debases and mutilates himself, and becomes incapable of producing any thing great or noble. If, soaring upon the *Théâtre Français*, the good qualities of a minor author appear to disadvantages, his defects, on the contrary, will be the more conspicuous. In my infancy I made a small scar upon my breast, which, having grown with me, is now become a large one. The same happens in the works I have mentioned: the improbabilities assume the proportions of their frame, being five times more glaring in real comedy than in a farce; and, moreover, the public has five times longer to discover them: this difference is as one to twenty-five, and constitutes what mathematicians call the second power.

Another circumstance which prevents writers of vaudevilles from succeeding at the *Théâtre Français* is their habit of despatch. There are some with whom it would be impossible not to finish in six weeks a subject worthy of being worked into a comedy. Besides, they are too apt to look with indifference upon glory; yet how act otherwise. As there are always two or more employed upon one piece, the honour due to success is necessarily collective; it belongs to all, and consequently to none: the price of their labour is alone personal. It is the same with ill success; every one rejects it; no one is affected by it, and the responsibility of a writer of vaudevilles is as illusory as that of a prime minister. Add to this, that the multiplicity of first representations is very detrimental, inasmuch as it blunts the feelings; in a short time an author ceases to experience those lively hopes, those fears, and that uneasiness which move and inspire generous bosoms, and give them courage to support the vexations of composition and correction without which no one would ever bestow

upon his works either the time or patience they required.

The vaudeville not only militates against those whom it allures from their vocation, but also against those who remain faithful to it, as it renders it the more difficult and painful. Minor theatres formerly confined themselves to minor subjects; but now they seize upon those which would furnish a comedy, squeezing and compressing them into the miserable space of a single act; so easy is it to plunge into the open sea, and figure in an open field. In the productions of which we have been speaking there are none of those exquisite overflowings of the heart, none of those inimitable sketches of character which we so much admire in first-rate authors, and which really constitute a dramatic work; while here we have incident, incident and incident, and the whole without either nature or probability, for there is neither time nor space to admit of their arrangement; a difficulty is eluded by a quibble, an absurdity buried in a couplet, a situation is explained by a word, and then away to the next; all is hurry, circumstances are jumbled together; the good-natured pit applauds, and all is well. This system extends from day to day, and I can see but one possible amendment: one step more, and we shall sink into pantomime. All that remains, is to suppress a few words, and in truth this would generally be pure benefit to the public.

Now is this really exercising an art? No; it is following a trade. Is it treating a subject? No; it is murdering it. We treat a subject when we embrace the whole of it, enter deeply into it, sift it and extract from it all it is capable of yielding; but to skim off two or three ideas, and convert them into a single miserable act, which might have been extended through the whole proportions of the art, is a wretched imposture, and a notable confession of incapacity. Such mutilators of subjects resemble the natives of Brazil, who, not knowing how to render their mother earth fertile with their labour, set fire to whose forests, and having collected a few fragments from an immense extent of country went forward burning more.

This new tactic of the vaudeville writers is really destructive of the art, as it consumes the finest subjects, and takes them out of the hands of others capable of doing them justice; besides, it spoils the audience, whom it renders impatient, and who will scarcely listen to the explication of the plot. This is now the great misfortune of the dramatic art.

We will conclude these remarks with a consideration we think just. In the actual state of France, the success of so frivolous a species of entertainment as the one upon which we have been arguing appears almost an absurdity. It harmonizes neither with soberness of ideas nor maturity of judgment. Two circumstances serve to explain it; the apparent improvement it has undergone, and the real talent of some of the actors employed in it. Be it what it may this prosperity cannot be durable; every thing will resume its place, and the public will not fail to say with us, that the vaudeville is a species of spurious comedy!

His Majesty has signified his intention to honour the theatres with his presence very shortly. The French theatre especially is preparing for a royal visit.

ORIGINAL.

A REMEMBRANCE OF GENEVA.

PERSONAL reminiscences are seldom accompanied with pleasurable sensations, they are either of the living or the dead, the former, too often false or absent, the latter, gone for ever; but local recollections—the memory of spots where we have strayed, as we no more shall stray, with undiscoloured minds, and uncorrupted hearts,—scenes where we still might fly, nor find them, like human friendships, changed or vanished, produce reflections grateful to commune with, and which it is beneficial to indulge. It is not, however, to the paths of childhood, nor to the home of our infancy that the sweetest remembrances always attach; during our continuance there, our feelings are rarely so far advanced in maturity as to be able to appreciate their own purity; our actions are guileless, but they are the consequence of a negative virtue, merely good, because they have no incentive to evil, and we can only look back upon the time of their performance, as one of harmless apathy and passionless repose; a state of innocence, of which we were then unconscious, and therefore cannot afterwards distinctly or advantageously contemplate. But the retrospect of a particular place, where we have passed some of those hours in life, when we are just beginning to distinguish the sharpness of its thorns, and to scent the fragrance of its flowers, the sensibilities of our hearts exquisitely alive to the affections of both, though as yet unruffled by the pains or pleasures of either, where we are first startled by that mysterious intuition of thought which suddenly reveals to us, that there is on earth something dearer to be sought, and something darker to be shunned, than our hopes or fears have ever hitherto portrayed—in fine, when and where the bosom first discovers the susceptibility of its own feelings, and the mind first begins to picture visions of its own imaginations,—the retrospect indeed of such a time and place as this, brings with it a degree of blissful emotion which no other reminiscence is capable of imparting, an emotion, however, which—
‘Like the musk wind over the waters blowing,
Ruffling the waves, but sweetening them too,’
always agitates the bosom, at the same time that it sets it throbbing with delight. Such an emotion do I experience, whenever my mind calls into view the spot where I first learnt from nature what the heart was made for, and where she first inspired me with the love of my dearest and most faithful mistress, Poesy—a gift that I have woven into such a radiant wreath, and braided so enthusiastically around my brain, that even in this gloomy wilderness below, I sometimes fancy a spirit’s smile is on my brow, and an Elysian garden at my feet. Sweet, sweet Geneva! thou art indeed an Elysian garden, such at least thou wert to me on that mild summer night, when first I pondered ‘mid thy fairy stillness: well do I remember that night! Moonlight was over the lake, the happy dwellers on its banks had retired to the slumber of their peaceful beds, but I, whose home was not by its margin, and whose return to rest no cheering tongue was waiting there to greet, averse to leave so sweet a paradise for solitude and sleep, remained lingering long and fondly by its side, till scarce a human eye

was, save mine own, awake. What a beautiful languor, I recollect, hung over every thing! it was, as if the earth were dreaming, and seraphs watching till it should awake; seraphs, whose eyes seemed resting on the waters, whose voice came whispering from the vine leaves, and whose breath lay sleeping in the fragrance of the flowers. By Heaven! it was Edenlike, cursed be the destiny that ever called me thence, for I could have wandered there in happiness for ever, though smiled on only by the sky, and sighed for only by the breeze:—yet no—a feeling then warned me that I should not be happy even in that clime if, for ever, the smile and the sigh were to come *only* from the sun and the breeze, something dearer far than these would soon be sought for; I knew not then what that something was—but it was wanting even then;—alas! ’tis wanting now! SFORZA.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD night! May holy angels spread
Their guardian wings around thy head,
And keep thy couch from every harm,
From evil powers or rude alarm!
Good night! Oh, may thy slumber be
Smiling as that of infancy,
And in thine undisturbed repose,
Forget this world—at least its woes—
But if there be one tender thought,
With kind and sweet remembrance fraught,
Which, when awake, exerts its powers,
Some treasured one of Memory’s flowers,
May that be pictured to thy view,
And in thy slumbers bless thee too!
Now on thine eyelids let me press
One kiss of truth and tenderness,
To seal them o’er till morning’s light,
Good night—another kiss—good night. ♀.

THE ANTHOLOGIST—No. 1.

It is the fashion, among several of the writers of the present day, to decry the beautiful compositions of antiquity, to speak contemptuously of authors who have formed the taste of Europe, and to ridicule the homage which they received in the last century, and during the first eras of English literature. In our own time it seems that a brilliant light has burst forth, an imbathed inspiration has descended from heaven, and ‘the vision and the faculty divine’ has made its first appearance after its long indisposition. The merits of the writers of the nineteenth century are indisputable; an age which has produced Byron, Shelley, Moore, Maturin, and Scott, may vie with any that has ever been, and needs not the aid of splendid quackery to swell the diapason of its praise. But why should that praise be always invidious? why should we always speak as if we had but just emerged from the darkness of the middle ages. Why should Pope, Dryden, Gray, and Thompson, be forgotten among the praises of Wordsworth and Southey? To the prevalence of this exclusive and egotistical spirit may be attributed the paucity of translations which the present age has produced. Authors have been so desirous of presenting to the world a portraiture of their own thoughts and feelings, that they would consider it a degradation of their talents to attempt any thing but original composition. The work of translation has been too often committed to hands not fitted for the task; and as Maturin beautifully observes with regard to romance, ‘it is like the wand of Prospero in

the hand of Caliban—it destroys where it should create. The poets of the nineteenth century possess, perhaps, more power of transfusing the spirit of ancient and foreign literature into the English language, than those of any preceding period. In support of this assertion may be instanced the translation of a scene from *Faust* by Shelley, in which that beautiful poet has written with all the chaste splendour of diction, and mastery of language, which distinguish his own productions. Leigh Hunt has also given some proofs of his capability for rendering the spirit of ancient writers into his native tongue, and it is to be regretted that he has not oftener employed his talents in translation. Why has not Horace, who has been so often unsuccessfully introduced to the English reader, found a translator in Moore, the first of our lyric poets? It may be objected, that Moore has already failed in a work of this nature, and that his version of *Anacreon* is extremely faulty; but it should be recollected, that it was one of his earliest performances, and that were he again to assume the task, a very different result might be expected. Horace, who in his own language is at once poignant and polished, and singularly happy in the choice and force of his expression, when 'done into English' by William Creech, A. M., or by Philip Francis, M. D., becomes dull, pointless, and insipid. The last-named translator has the merit of being better than his predecessors; but that praise is little, considering the quality and calibre of those whom he excelled. Many of them were men well acquainted with all the minutiae of the *Gradus* and the *Lexicon*, and who could detect a false position with all the alacrity of an intendant of police, yet understood very little of the intellectual power of what they read, and were totally unacquainted with the force, richness, and compass of their native language. Hence it happened, that what delighted in the original, disgusted in the translation. It was necessary to solve this problem. No artificer blames his own talents;—the fault must lie with the materials. The translators, therefore, sagaciously discovered, that where they succeeded, their success resulted from their own ability; and where they failed, their failure was occasioned by the imperfection of the English language.

In the following numbers it is proposed to offer original translations of various pieces, as well from the classics of the ancient world as from the most celebrated authors of modern Europe, together with such remarks as shall be necessary for the elucidation of the subject-matter of each of the selections. The first specimen chosen, will be a dramatic sketch from *Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead*. Of all the satirists of antiquity, *Lucian* was, perhaps, the most severe; keen in his perception of the ridiculous, and despising alike the fears of superstition and the menaces of power, he derided all whom he deemed fitting objects for his satire. Disgusted with the absurd theology of the pagan world, he attacked its follies with all the force of the bitterest sarcasm and the most polished irony. As the *Dialogues* possess considerable dramatic power, the following selection is rendered into blank verse, as more fitted to support the spirit of the original:—

DRAMATIC SKETCH,
FROM THE GREEK OF LUCIAN.

Alexander and Diogenes.

SCENE—The Infernal Regions.

D. And comes the mighty Alexander here,
Is he then but as mortal as ourselves?

A. Thou seest I am—is it so wondrous strange,
That born a man, I as a man should die?

D. The thunderer lied, then, when he called thee son;
But tell me truly *who* thy father was—
Was't Philip?

A. Certes, 'twas he—had I been Ammon's son,
Thou knowest well I never should have died.

D. Was it a falsehood, that immortal Jove,
Disguised beneath the subtle serpent's form,
Was seen one day upon thy mother's couch?
Was it not true, that Philip was deceived
When he did think himself thy father?

A. Like you, Diogenes, I have heard these things,
Now I perceive that neither Ammon's priests,
Nor yet my mother had their senses then.

D. But still the lie was not an useless one,
'Twas to the purpose—many feared the god
Who would have bade defiance to the man.
But say to whom your mighty empire's left?

A. That I know not—for death so sudden came,
I was not able to appoint an heir,
Yet ere I died, I pointed out *Perdiccas*—
Why do you laugh, Diogenes?

D. 'Tis something else which moves my mirth so much,
I am thinking what the servile Greeks were doing,
When first they chose a chieftain 'gainst the east,
And you assumed the empire of the world.

Some kindly ranked thee with the twelve great gods,
While others, building temples to thy name,
Offered up incense to the serpent's son.
But tell me truly, where do you lie buried?

A. I have laid in Babylon for three days past,
But Ptolemy, mine officer, has pledged his word
To take my corse to Egypt—there to be adored
As one of the divinities.

D. Thy madness, Alexander, is too great
E'en for my laughter. What! thou canst not hope,
Watched with the sleepless vigilance of hell,
To pass the precincts of yon shadowy lake,
And rule in Egypt, worshipped 'mongst her gods?

Wilt thou *Annubis* or *Osiris* be?
Too careful are thy keepers, heaven-born prince,
To let thee 'scape their power so easily;
But tell me how thou bear'st the grievous loss
Of all that thou hast left i' the upper world,—
The satraps, body-guards, and elephants,
The bending nations and the treasured gold;
The spoils of Bactria and Babylon,
And fear and glory waiting at thy side,
When in thy lofty car thou proudly rod'st,
Clad in the gorgeous purple of the east,
And wearing on thy brow the kingly crown.
Does it not grieve thee to remember these?
Oh, fool—why dost thou weep?—
Are these the lessons *Aristotle* taught?
Did he not tell thee *Fortune's* gifts were false?

A. Why he, of all my flatterers, was the basest.
Abusing my studies with his sophist arts,
'Twas he who fired my soul to cursed ambition.
Permit me best to know the slave he was,
And what the great demands he made upon me.
Now would he praise the beauty of my form,
(As if that were the chiefest part of good:)
And now my mighty deeds, and now my wealth.

The last he lauded, lest himself should blush,
At his own avarice.

Yet did his precepts teach me to despise
The gaudy trifles and fallacious splendour
Thou didst enumerate.

D. And dost thou know what it is best to do?
I will suggest a medicine for thy sorrows,
For here there grows no antidote to madness,
Drink oft and deep of *Lethe's* placid stream;
Deep, Alexander, deep, so thou may'st forget
The wo-fraught lessons *Aristotle* gave thee.
But look, where come that *Clitus* and the rest
Of those thy tyranny hath basely wronged,
They call for vengeance on thy guilty head.
Go—get thee to another place—begone,
And drink as deeply as I bid thee do. R. M.

RUSTIC SKETCHES.—No. II*.

THE ELOPEMENT.

I'll range no more to yonder city's walls,
It's forms, it's customs, are unlov'd by me;
But where the wild flower blooms, the cascade falls,
There let my footsteps wander wild and free;

Amidst my village haunts there breathes a spell
My heart doth feel—perchance my tongue can tell.

THERE is something in the very appearance of a country village and its inhabitants, which inspires an unsophisticated lover of nature with confidence and affection, and brings back all the better feelings of the heart, which years passed in an intimate commerce with the world have in a degree alienated. We can almost fancy ourselves again young, artless, and happy, on our entry into the green and moss-grown lanes, so often trodden by the agile foot of childhood, whilst at every farm-house and cottage we hail the same friendly smile of recognition with which we were greeted in life's early dawn. We find no change, save that the step towards us is more tottering through age, and the hand held out to ours more palsied from the same cause. Those who have patted the curly-headed boy or girl, gathering the early spring flower, not feeling a higher wish than to draw out the first blown violet from beneath its thorny shelter, are apt to believe that the same unambitious feelings reign in the heart of the adult, nor do they dream of the dark changes which time may have effected, while even misconduct frequently receives from them the softer title of misfortune. Aware of the kindness of their feelings towards us, we are naturally interested in all their joys and sorrows; and for myself I can aver, that in listening to their simple adventures, related with all the fascinating simplicity of truth, I have spent many a pleasant half hour; and many a little anecdote, believed by its relator to have been long forgotten, is still treasured among memory's valued gems. There is even some fond remembrance revived by the sight of the aged oaks, which sheltered me in childhood from the summer's pelting shower; and I could very ill forgive the old woodcutter for levelling one old favourite, winding up the trunk of which the wreathing ivy had long hidden from view my ill-carved name; but of all the trees in my native village, those which spread their luxuriant branches across the footpath which winds with the course of our navigable river, call forth the most pleasing ideas of both old and young. Those oaks, alders, and willows, seem to have a charm for the whole

* For the first of these papers, *Local Attachment*, see page 76.

parish: the angler loves to repose on the green bank they overshadow; children, tired of basking in the noon-tide sun, love to form in groups under their shade, and gather butter-cups or make daisy chains, or to watch their flowers floating down the stream; and lovers delight to saunter beneath them in the evening's gloom; and many a fond tale no doubt could those old trees reveal had they but the power. In less than a quarter of a mile from the favourite shade, the green bank slopes gently down to the village mill, where one who was once the belle of the parish lives its happy and smiling mistress, and her laugh and song are often heard before the winding stream takes us to the habitation of the *runaway*, as Susan terms herself; yet, with such a pair of merry looking eyes, that every one is aware that no *very* serious or remorseful consequences attended her short absence from her father's cottage, which stands in the wooded knoll to the right of the mill, concealed so much from view, that were it not for the curling column of faint blue smoke, no one would guess that a dwelling was embowered there, and that there bloomed the fairest flower of the place. Susan Springfield, notwithstanding the many hints she received concerning her beauty, still lived unharmed by pride or ambition, to be the wife of the youth who, in school days, won her good will, by mending her pens, doing her sums, and various other civil offices; and whose footsteps, in after years, continually followed her's, while the nut-tree and blackberry-bush were divested of their fruit to please her. It was in vain her fond father, in whose partial eye, no doubt, her charms shone forth augmented, talked of seeing her the lady of the grange; or her mother told of the remark made by a visitor at the hall, who, on receiving home from the beautiful rustic some needle-work, remarked, that her pretty face might make her fortune. Susan was unmoved by the remark, and still fearfully uninfluenced by flattery, and young Robert's suit prospered so well, that long before the death of her mother, all persecution had ceased on her side; but, alas! the course of true love, they say, never did run smooth, and this little tale is not an exception to the rule, if it be one. Whether the old woodman had received any intelligence of the admiration of the young 'squire of the grange, for his blooming daughter, or not, from some cause or other he vehemently and decidedly affirmed that Susan should never be, with his consent, the miller's bride. This reduced the lovers to plotting, the banns of marriage were published in another parish, and a *runaway* match was decided on; yet, unlike the heroines in most matches of the kind, she felt so much concern for the feelings of the old man, that she could not let him remain in suspense, even for the short space of a night and day, but arranged with a neighbour and confidante, the timely disclosure of the affair; all things then adjusted, she had to wait for the hour of her father's evening sleep, but Somnus, most provokingly, did not aid the scheme of the fair quite so soon as expected, and the aspiring cottager seemed to set the drowsy god at bay, by the more than common spirit and interest with which he talked of his hopes for her future advancement in life, those hopes which she was about most effectually to frustrate. Alas! she used afterwards to say, I thought I never could have

left him, when coaxing my face, he said, 'I think, my girl, you'll never leave me, but to better your station in life;' at length, however, the drowsy god's power was visible, aided by a hard day's work, and an additional mug of the cotter's favourite ale—a gratification he always allowed himself on a Saturday night; and with the power, the inclination to fulfill her promise to her lover, Susan felt returned; she watched her father's eyelids close, as he sunk gently back in his easy leathern chair, then on tiptoe she fetched her bundle, tied on her hat, made smart for the occasion, by an additional top-knot; then she took one look more,—he was asleep, of which the nasal aspirations were just beginning to ascend in confirmation, when the pipe, till then firmly grasped between his finger and thumb, slipped,—slipped again,—and the third time, fell jinking on the stone hearth, and broke. She started, and retreated behind the high-backed chair, just as its occupier, roused by the most *mal à propos* sound, rubbing his eyes, took a survey of the apartment, as if in search for its best treasure. At length, yawning, with a weary heigh-ho, he again resigned himself to repose and forgetfulness, and Susan, quitting her hiding place, moved gently and swiftly away, lifted the latch of the outer door, opened it; the rose leaves, agitated by the midnight breeze, seemed the only things in motion, she crossed the orchard, called at the cottage beside it, to warn her friend to perform her duty, and glided down the well-known lane, at the end of which she beheld the moon shining on the humble equipage, &c. provided by her faithful swain. All proceeded well, and when the shades of evening again descended over the village, she returned the happy contented bride of its honest miller.

E. B.

STANZAS.—By MRS. H.

Oh, for the joyous hopes and thoughts
That blossom in life's spring time,
Ere the spirit is wearied with earthly things,
Or gather'd a taint of crime.
The world—'tis a fair and a splendid scene,
And we long to be mingling there,
And dream not amidst the bright gifts it holds
forth,
Of darkness, of sorrow, and care.
Then Friendship—how sweet is the charm
which it throws
Over life's enchanting way;
But after years show 'tis a vain empty boast,
And our hopes and trust decay;
While love, with its thousand hopes and fears,
A vision for earth too bright,
Is welcom'd, then, to the guileless heart,
And worshipp'd with fond delight.
Alas! alas! what a time is that,
A sad and a bitter day;
When we find the being most dearly priz'd,
The first to fall away!
And though many hearts, in the morn of life,
Be glowing with thoughts of fame;
O soon, too soon, as time flies on,
They will learn 'tis an empty name.
Bright spirits! bright spirits! yet your's the
time,
When joyous all things appear;
And ye know not amid the roses of life,
That the canker of care is near.
But we will not weep that such thoughts are
o'er,
Do not all earthly things fade away?
'Tis only on high that our feelings of bliss
Will neither know change nor decay.

INTENDED IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STRAND.

To the Editor of *The Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Much as has been said respecting the improvements about to be carried into effect at Charing Cross, the lower part of the Strand, and also in that street in the neighbourhood of Exeter 'Change, it is nevertheless much to be feared, that all will not be done which should be done. Something splendid may in all probability be attempted in the proposed square, or open space, at Charing Cross; but from present reports it would seem, that in the houses to be built in the Strand, nothing like uniformity even is to be expected, either as to height or breadth; but every man, after having taken his ground, is to be at liberty to exercise his taste, or his want of taste, in whatever way he pleases; and more than that, for it also seems that they are not to be built at any thing like the same period of time, but by piecemeal; at least it may be so presumed, if what is stated respecting our phrenological friend, Mr. Deville, be true; which is, that he is about to remove immediately from his present residence into the next house, recently occupied by a grocer; his old premises are then to be pulled down, and a new house to be directly built for him in the rear of his old one, before even many of the houses in the same line are emptied of their inhabitants, or agreed for with the commissioners of woods and forests. This certainly looks as if there was no decided plan for the buildings to be erected upon.

In the improvements effected by the City, some years back, at Snow Hill, and near Temple Bar, the elevation of the buildings is uniform and handsome; and happy will the writer of this be, to hear that some such thing is intended in the Strand.

The mode thus far pursued, in execution of the thing in question, has been in many instances disgusting to the eyes of decent foot passengers, and seriously injurious to the trade of the respective neighbourhoods; disgusting, from the circumstance of many houses being pulled down in the vicinity of St. Martin's Lane, and very many others being empty, both there and in the Strand, in most of which situations the accumulation of filth is quite disgraceful, as well as the bad and broken state of the pavement,—and ruinous to trade, from the loss of inhabitants, and the suffering some of the purchased houses to be occupied by very doubtful tenants, per favour of the board of woods and forests. These circumstances alone ought to influence the government of the country to see that the plan, whatever it may be, is carried into effect well and speedily. J. M. L.

FINE ARTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

(Continued from page 222.)

224. 'The Dorset Coast from Charmouth Reach,' W. Linton. A very clever picture, full of freshness, and that vigour we expect from this artist, who is another of our great water-men; but, luckily for us, he does not live on water only.

225. 'Damon's Return, a Proof of Friendship,' F. C. Turner. This picture tells the story of Damon and Pythias with great ability. It is given at the moment when the latter is seen awaiting the blow of the execu-

tioner, and the former arrives, urging his flying steed, to intercept the blow, by receiving it himself. The tyrant is seated on the throne, surrounded by his court and crowds of anxious spectators. Who would not take his place, that they might exclaim, as he did, 'Live, live, ye incomparable pair.' The choice of subject was honourable to Mr. Turner's feelings as a man; and his execution of it (with some trifling drawbacks,) is equally so to his talents as an artist.

247. 'Llan Ceris Lake, North Wales,' G. Hilditch. This picture is on a larger scale than any we have before met with from this gentleman, and is not less good in quality, which proves considerable ability, for we have but too many proofs that extended canvasses do not always make great pictures.

248. 'Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Barrow,' J. Lonsdale. A well painted portrait, one of the number referred to.

254. 'Eneas and Achates landing on the coast of Africa, near to Carthage, are directed by Venus, who appears to them in the character of a Spartan Huntress,' W. Linton. This large and beautiful picture is another of those classical compositions, for which this artist has become justly celebrated. It resembles his Delos in general form, but the details are all new, and present a magnificent coup-d'œil of the palaces and towers of Carthage, crowned with the Byrsa, its citadel. In the foreground are a fine group of trees, through whose foliage the stately temples of Dido's city are beheld, and here are seen Eneas and the fictitious huntress, who is not, however, sufficiently graceful either for the goddess or for the scene. The time, (early morning) the misty air, the expanding rays of light, and the far-stretching distance, are all given with poetic yet natural grandeur and effect. There can be no doubt of the success of this fine painting. Some clever lines of Mr. Hervey's, in the catalogue, descriptive of the scene, recall the memory of Henry Neele, who was wont to perform this friendly office on similar occasions—like his, they are full of high poetic feeling.

Next week we shall resume our task, by surveying the smaller rooms, after which, we shall speak of the works of honorary members, which are sufficiently numerous and excellent to merit particular notice.

M. Lethiers, of the Institute of France, who exhibited in this country with great success, a few years since, a large picture, called The Judgment of Brutus, has arrived in London, bringing with him a picture of similar magnitude, The Death of Virginia, which will soon be submitted to the public.

NEW MUSIC.

Trois Airs Variés. No. 1. Partant pour la Syrie. No. 2. Au Suisse au Bord du Lac. No. 3. We're a' Noddin. Pour le Piano-forte par HENRI HERZ. Op. 39. Cocks and Co.

FEW composers possess a finer tact in rejecting the vulgar and common-place and chusing the graceful and elegant, than M. Herz. The introductions and variations to the airs before us verify what we have said, and sparkle with elegancies which no one but a musician of the first class could so admirably string together. We have pleasure in recommending them to the notice of our

musical friends, feeling assured that they cannot fail to be delighted.

1. *A Voluntary for the Organ.* Dedicated to the Bishop of Chester. By ESTHER E. FLEET. London, 1828. Monro and May.
2. *'From Greenland's Icy Mountains.'* Hymn written by Bishop Heber. Dedicated to the Archbishop of Canterbury. By ESTHER E. FLEET. Same Publishers.

FEMALE composers are so seldom brought before the public, that every aspirant must necessarily excite a more than common interest. We have, therefore, great pleasure in noticing two new productions of Miss Fleet, the organist of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate. The first, a Voluntary for the Organ, is much superior to the generality of works of this class, and displays much elegance of invention and correctness of execution. We notice particularly the introduction of a fugue, that most difficult branch of organ composition, and so seldom attempted on account of its difficulties. The able manner in which the fair author has handled this part of her voluntary, would do credit to a more experienced master, and proves her to be well acquainted with the capabilities of the instrument.

No. 2, a Hymn to some words by the late Bishop Heber, is very expressive, and contains some good harmony. From the specimens we have seen of this young lady's talents, we hope soon to have the pleasure of meeting her again; and in the mean time we commend the above pieces to the notice of organists in general, but more especially to those of her own sex, as excellent models of sacred composition.

The Grecian Lover; with an Accompaniment for the Piano-Forte and Guitar. By RAPHAEL DRESSLER. Written by T. A. Stumpff. London, 1828. The Principal Musicsellers.

THIS is very pleasing music, fettered to singularly stupid words. Mr. D. has done much to make them go together, and has succeeded as well as could possibly be expected with such untractable materials.

THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC REGISTER.—*King's Theatre.*—No Performance.

Drury Lane, April 7. Lover's Vows, the Dumb Savoyard, and the Highland Reel.—8. The Belle's Stratagem, the Dumb Savoyard, and the Weathercock.—9. A Roland for an Oliver, Of Age To-morrow, the Dumb Savoyard, and Der Freischutz.—10. The Poor Gentleman, the Haunted Inn, and the Dumb Savoyard.

Covent Garden, April 7. Romeo and Juliet, and Tuckitomba.—8. The Merchant's Wedding, and Tuckitomba.—9. A Bold Stroke for a Wife, and Tuckitomba.—10. Der Freischutz, Sergeant's Wife, and Tuckitomba.

DRURY LANE.—A melodramatic sketch, in one act, written by Mr. W. Barrymore, called *The Dumb Savoyard and his Monkey*, was acted for the first time on Monday night. If the merit of this piece were to be estimated by the exquisite scenery introduced in its representation, we should not have the slightest difficulty in pronouncing it to be the best we have seen for some time. The Passage of the Rhine, exhibited in a series of panoramic views, by Stanfield, is truly beautiful;

surpassing in its effect even the splendid and most successful efforts of the rival theatre. The piece abounds with all the most approved melodramatic incidents—a disconsolate wife, in quest of her condemned husband, for whom she has succeeded in obtaining a pardon under the royal signet—the subsequent loss of the precious document on the road—surrounded and plundered by a ferocious horde of banditti—a robber's generosity—a tender-hearted gaoler—despair—escape—flight—re-apprehension and unexpected recovery of the invaluable instrument,—form the principal incidents of this genuine melodrama. Mrs. W. West, as the Countess Maldicini, made the most of a part quite unworthy of her very superior talents. Mrs. W. Barrymore, as the Dumb Savoyard, and Master Wieland, as his faithful friend and monkey,* were unspeakably intelligent and interesting. The piece, upon the whole, was well received, and has been repeated, during the week, with increased success.

Mathews re-appeared on Thursday, in the *Poor Gentleman* and the *Haunted Inn*.

COVENT GARDEN.—The new afterpiece, produced at this theatre on Monday evening, bears the title of *Tuckitomba, or the Obi Sorceress*. The piece strongly resembles the old melodrama of *Obi, or Three-fingered Jack*. The scene is laid in Jamaica, and the piece is founded on what is stated to have been an actual occurrence in that island, in 1763. The following is a sketch of the plot:—Esther, the Obi sorceress, (Mrs. Vining,) has conceived a deadly hatred against the whites, on the ground of their having taken her from Africa, and subjected her to slavery. She lives in a cave, exercising the influence of the Obi charm upon six run away Negroes, who defend her, and execute her commands. A captain of a pirate ship (Mr. O. Smith) is in love with Clara, (Miss Goward) a Quadroon girl, on Mr. Edwards's plantation, and he procures from the sorceress a promise that she will steal Clara, and deliver her into his power, on the condition that he will, in return, kidnap Mr. Edwards's child, and then convey both the infant and the sorceress to her native country. The piece opens with a beautiful view of Mr. Edwards's plantations, with his wife, (Miss Henry,) his overseer, Abraham Fletcher, (Mr. Evans,) and Clara, the child's nurse, with a large body of Negroes, anxiously expecting the return of Mr. Edwards from England, with the brother of his overseer, Goliath Fletcher, (Mr. Keeley,) to whom Clara is betrothed. The party at length arrive, but, in the midst of their joy, the Negroes bring the alarming news that they have seen Tuckitomba in the neighbourhood. This Tuckitomba was a leader of some insurrectionary Negroes many years previously, and having been killed, his reappearance very naturally astonishes Mr. Edwards, who, with his man Goliath, go in search of the enemy. They at length get an entrance into the sorcerer's cave, where, however, instead of capturing Tuckitomba, they are made prisoners, and confined. The child is also stolen and brought there, and the interest of the piece turns upon their efforts to escape, aided by a dumb Negro, (Grimaldi, jun.) the assistant of the sorceress. Tuckitomba at last turns out to be the black pirate, in the disguise of the defunct Negro-leader; and he takes the captured Clara, the child, with the father and Goliath, on

board his vessel, to convey them with the sorceress to Africa. Unfortunately there is a prisoner on board, one Simon Smallthread (Blanchard,) whose unsailor-like habits induce him to put his pipe on some bales of cotton near the magazine, and the pirate ship takes fire. In the confusion, the pirate's lieutenant, Nick Dragon (Power,) rescues the captives, and escapes with them in an open boat, whilst the tailor saves himself in a hen-coop, and the pirate is drowned. Clara, Mr. Edwards, Goliah, the child, &c., arrive on shore, and the piece ends happily. The scenery is very beautiful; and the performers exerted themselves to their utmost. The piece was received with considerable applause; but it is by no means destined to uphold the high character which this theatre has maintained for years in the production of spectacle.

SURREY THEATRE.—An audience more select than numerous honoured this theatre with their presence on Monday evening, when a new piece, called *The Talisman, or the Genii of the Elements*, was produced, for the gratification of the holiday folks. It is of unusual length, the action occupying nearly four hours in the representation. Miss Barnett made her first appearance on these boards, and was received with great applause.

ASTLEY'S.—A second edition of the High-Mettled Racer, under the title of *The Death of the Race-Horse, or the North Steamer*, attracted a most crowded house on Monday night. The whole performance went off with the greatest eclat. The audience were highly gratified with the representation of a review of horse and foot before 'his most gracious majesty George IV.'

SADLER'S WELLS.—This respectable theatre opened, for the summer season, on Monday, with *The Outlaw's Oath*, in which Mr. Campbell acted with considerable judgment, and was rewarded by loud and repeated applause. Miss C. Boden, as Effie, was respectable. This young lady, with a little more animation, and greater attention to the business of the scene, may become a very useful actress.

Macready makes his appearance, in the course of next week, as Macbeth, at the English theatre in Paris.

Miss Love has, we understand, entered into an engagement with Mr. Morris, for the forthcoming season at the Haymarket Theatre.

W. H. Williams, we hear, is engaged at Vauxhall for the next season, where preparations have commenced for forming the water curtain. Harley is to appear in the petit opera, which the proprietors intend to bring forward after the manner of last season.

VARIETIES.

The vice-chancellor of Cambridge, and other official electors of Tyrwhitt's Hebrew scholarships have given notice, in pursuance of the 13th regulation of the Senate, bearing date the 14th of March, 1826, that a premium of £50 will be given for the best dissertation on 'The nature and extent of Hebrewisms found in the writings of St. Paul, including the Epistle to the Hebrews.'

The following is a correct list of the gentlemen who have sent in testimonials as candidates for the head-mastership of the Bury

grammar-school, the election to which will take place in Whitsun-week:—

The Rev. James Tate, M. A. head master of Richmond school, in Yorkshire.

The Rev. Thomas Parry, M. A. archdeacon of Antigua, late tutor of Balliol College, Oxford.

The Rev. Joseph White Niblock, D. D. head master of Hitchin school, Herts.

The Rev. F. Valpy, M. A. Trinity College, Cambridge.

The Rev. Temple Chevallier, M. A. Hulsean lecturer in the university of Cambridge.

The Rev. William Mills, M. A. St. John's College, Cambridge, one of the under masters of Harrow school.

The Rev. John Edwards, M. A. St. John's College, one of the under masters of Harrow.

The Rev. H. Thompson, M. A. St. John's college, Cambridge, under master of Bury school.

The Rev. W. L. Neville, curate of Christchurch, Hants.

An osier was cut, the other day, in Mr. Clayton's holt, of the extraordinary length of twelve feet nine inches, and three inches in circumference, when peeled. The supposed time of growing was four months. What is most remarkable, there is scarcely any pith in it. It is of a new species, called the Curtis.—*Nottingham Journal*

Eltham palace, which has been long used for the ordinary purposes of husbandry, is soon to be rased. Its stately hall has been long used as a barn, and often visited by the curious. This palace is supposed to have been built prior to 1270. For several centuries it was a favourite retreat of the English monarchs: Henry III. kept his Christmas here in a sumptuous style, accompanied by his queen and all the great men of the realm. In the next reign, Anthony Beck, Bishop of Durham, obtained possession of it, and left it to the crown. The queen of Edward III. was here delivered of a son, who had the name of John of Eltham, from the place of his birth. Henry VIII. gave a grand feast here at Whitsuntide, in 1515, when he created Sir Edmund Stanley Baron Monteagle, for his services at Flodden field. Queen Elizabeth, who was born at Greenwich, was frequently carried thence to Eltham, when an infant, for the benefit of the air, and this place she visited in 1559; but, on the rise of Greenwich, the palace was deserted.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
April 4	38	44	37	29 80	Cloudy.
.... 5	45	52	44	.. 64	Fair.
.... 6	47	50	41	.. 45	Cloudy.
.... 7	45	49	40	.. 25	Rain.
.... 8	46	49	42	.. 17	Cloudy.
.... 9	50	55	43	.. 24	Fair.
.... 10	50	58	42	.. 29	Fair.

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